YANK

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By the men . . for the men in the service

DON'T MISS

YANK's First Short Story,

HOT BRIDGE

on Page 5

A Bail-Out Over India

JINX FLIGHT

on Page 20

GUADALCANAL ARMORER

Dressed for the climate—and the Japs—this U.S. Army armorer gets an Airacobra's wing guns into condition for another battle. (Turn to the center spread for two more pages of photos from Guadalcanal.)

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The soldiers holding down this advance Andreanof Island base in the Aleutians really know what it means to live life in the raw. Does the wind howl? You can almost hear it here.

Nearest to Tokio

Pfc. John P. Kluse, of Herminie, Pa., shows the boys don't always eat sausages and beans.

Sometimes the wind hits 50 mph. and sometimes 70 mph. Which is too much for the mess tent you see in this picture. Down it's gone. There was no chow line formed that day.

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No Man's Land

Life Is Rugged in the Andreanofs But, Brother, It's a Laugh When You Think Of Those Japs Stuck On Kiska

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

AN ADVANCED ANDREANOF ISLAND BASE—Three times this island base nearest to Tokyo of all North American offensive outposts has played host to not-so-friendly visitors from Kiska.

From soggy fox hole and sandbagged artillery emplacement, 11 Jap bombs have burrowed deep into the cushy muskeg. Outside of spattering caribou moss harmlessly over the hilltops, no harm has been done.

How many times these calls have been repaid —from a runway which U. S. Army Engineers had ready for four-motored bombers 10 days after the first niggerhead had been bulldozed—is anyone's guess. It's more times than you'd imagine, but not enough to satisfy the fog-ferreting bombers and peashooters whose pilots are three parts trip hammer and seven parts homing pigeon.

Otherwise, life in the Andreanofs is no more turbulent than a week end in a wind tunnel at the Wright Field aeronautical laboratories.

Army jargon takes on a new slant here.

"Sweating out" the chow line consists of standing first on one foot, then on the other in ankle-deep mud, while a 50-mph. breeze whips your face with rain as sharp as a steel brush. When the wind mounts to 70-mph. or more, as it frequently does, there is no chow line. For that matter, there is no mess tent. It's gone with the wind.

"Over the hill" is no longer the G.I. translation of "taking it on the lam." No matter where you go here, it's always over the hill. Archaeologists say that the mountains of the Aleutian chain are the youngest in the world. It's a good thing that this war didn't wait until the mountains grew up.

Even "fox hole" is an ambiguous term in the Andreanofs. That's because you stumble from time to time into genuine fox holes—lair of the platinum blue fox, whose coat is possibly the most coveted and least accessible pelt in the world. Early in the game, amateur G.I. trappers wound wire snares enthusiastically until they learned that the Alaska Game Commission's wardens make Heinrich Himmler's Gestapo look like a bunch of kids playing cops and robbers. Soldiers couldn't even strike a deal with native Aleuts, who have almost the only legal privilege of trapping the blue fox. Natives were evacuated from the islands months ago.

Until recent weeks, mess varied from Vienna sausages to Spam to Type C to Vienna sausages. More regular cargo calls, however, are now brightening the corners of the three squares daily with occasional chicken and turkey, and crates of canned jam and peanut butter. The mess halls consist of a pair of merged pyramidals and a triple-length Quonset hut. Tent feeders squat on their heels in the muskeg while eating. Quonset hut diners sit at homemade mess tables.

Intermittent ships and planes from the mainland bring movies. They are shown in shifts in the "Radio City Music Hall of the Andreanofs"—a string of three 16-foot tents. One mess hall doubles in beatitudes on the Sabbath, when the chaplain takes over from the mess sergeant and an impromptu choir ousts the KPs.

Rugged as it is, troops are holding up their spirits by the bootstraps. They'd laugh you down if you made the statement that the spirit is good. But few would deny that they're keeping a grim hold on their sense of humor. Maybe there's a difference between "spirit" and a "sense of humor." Maybe there isn't. After four months under Hirohito's disjointed nose at Kiska, the men have developed a hardened indifference, a "let-the-bastards-come,-we're-ready" attitude.

But it was not always thus.

There was a time when a single Zero might have knocked the Andreanof expedition into a cocked bonnet. In fact, one almost did.

It happened during the week before the surprise occupation of this sub-Arctic no man's land.

A spearhead reconnaissance party of 40, including a pair of Navy signalmen, had sneaked ashore from a submarine to stake out landing beaches, troop-dispersal areas, possible airfield sites. In addition, they were to chase off any Japs prowling around with the same idea.

In the chill blackness of night they paddled for an hour in a dozen rubber rafts and a pair of homemade canvas boats. Six machine guns were lugged along. Each man was armed with a tommy gun and a sack full of hand grenades. Two men narrowly escaped drowning in the treacherous surf when air compartments of their raft exploded. They made it safely back to the sub, already in the process of submerging, and did not reach shore until a week later with the occupation forces.

Once on the beach, the advance party split into patrols for thorough reconnaissance of the island. They buried their boats, camouflaged their footprints on the beach by dragging boards behind them. With faces, hands, clothing and packboards splotched with the green paint, they trekked through the chest-high sawgrass of natural ravines so as to leave no evidence of their trails for aerial eavesdroppers. Throughout the week, they built no fires except to heat tea over a pocket-sized Swede stove. Tea and dried salmon were their staple diet.

For two days the weather remained mild and misty. Then, like yeast in a crock, a storm brewed, reaching its height the day Brig. Gen. E. M. Landrum landed his forces in Higgins boats.

Only two planes were sighted during the period of scouting. The first was a Navy PBY. Hurriedly, the men laid out panel signals and the Navy craft dropped a supply of cigarettes.

The second was a Jap-pontoned Zero. Knowing that if they were sighted, the beans would be out of the bag and a convoy load of American soldiers blasted into the Bering Sea, the men scrambled for cover. The colonel commanding the patrols didn't have to scramble; he was already under cover snatching some 40-odd hard-earned winks. After the enemy plane had passed from sight, one of the soldiers nudged him and said: "That was a Jap plane that just flew over."

The colonel stared skyward a second through half-open eyes. "The hell you say," he mumbled, then turned over and went to sleep again.

Today, a Jap plane would be welcomed with wide-open armament in the Andreanofs.

And, on not distant Kiska—looking from the air like a broken chunk of ginger cake wildly splashed with whipped cream — the Nippos must be looking longingly toward Tokyo, when the williwaws rip through the jagged ravines.

As one bomber crewman put it: "Every time I think of how damned tough it is for those Japs on Kiska, I have to laugh."

That's what we mean by a "sense of humor."

This is the "Radio City Music Hall of the Andreanofs," a string of three tents.

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Soviet Strategy

Russia's Victories in the Caucasus Prove Soundness of Planning and Pave Way for Thrust Into Europe

"THE largest and most important developments in the world-wide strategic picture of 1942 were the events on the long fronts in Russia," President Roosevelt told the new Congress.

That the President used the word "strategic" was highly significant, for to many of us the campaigns in Russia have been a confusion of unpronounceable names, unbelievable communiques and a vast 2,000-mile front which is just too big for us to figure out.

But when you get down and dig, you find that the Russians, from the very beginning, had a very carefully planned strategy. They analyzed the enemy shrewdly, geared their own movements to stall his effectively.

In the first place, the romantic notion that the German-Soviet war is a one-sided business of a mighty army fighting a bunch of peasants in the wide open spaces is wrong. The German-Soviet struggle is between two of the most powerful fighting machines in the world.

This is what started the fireworks:

With Hitler's idea of a new world, it was impossible for him to exist with a strong fighting machine at his back. He had to lick Russia to safeguard his rear.

In the Spring of 1941, Hitler made his great decision to invade the Soviet Union. It was a tremendous decision to make. At this time, his chances of completing his conquest of the British Empire were better than they have ever been. Around the Mediterranean and in the Near East, the grain fields were lush with the greatest harvest in years; they were there for the taking. With the political and military situation as it was, Hitler might have become the absolute ruler of the Mediterranean.

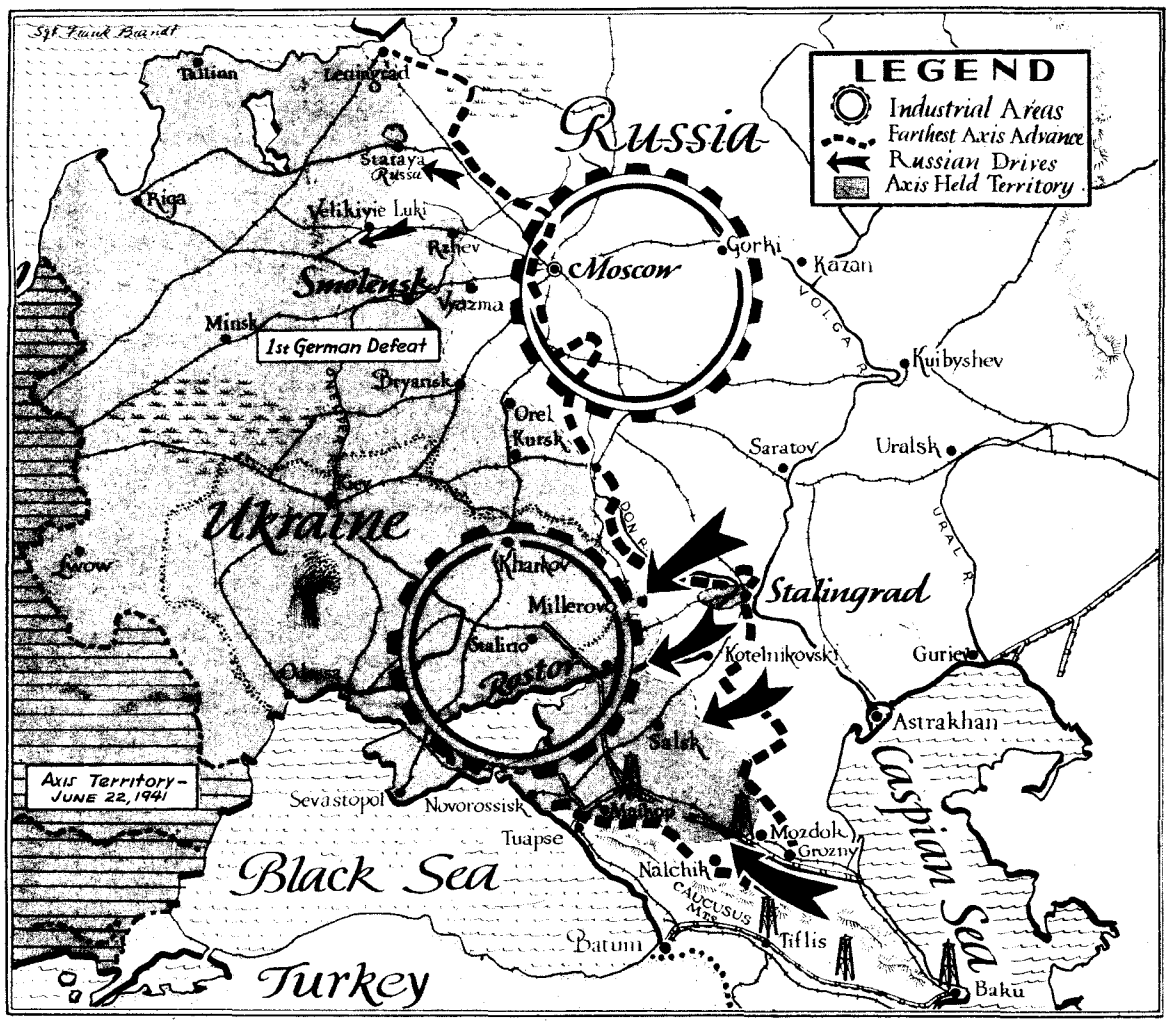
But Russia stuck in his craw. So he decided to take the Russians first.

In many ways, this invasion was the turning point of the whole war.

On June 22, 1941, Germany hit Russia, aiming at the heart of the Soviet nation—Moscow. Probably the greatest battles on the whole Russian front occurred in this sector.

When the Germans crossed the frontier into Russia, the German High Command considered the fighting that went on at that time to be the major test between the two main armies. But Russia had other ideas and refused to play the German game.

At no point during this frontier conflict did the main German Army ever encounter the great bulk of the Soviet forces. It was not until the battle of Smolensk that the main armies met face to face. This mistake on the part of the German High Command was typical of its misjudgment throughout the whole Russian campaign.



The Soviet conception of frontier warfare was one of defense in depth. They considered the frontier territory Germany was over-running a buffer state, in which the strength of the invading army would be absorbed and exhausted. They offered no opposition here except a defensive, delaying action, using Soviet frontier guards and small forces.

Smolensk was the first time a major battle was fought on a stabilized front. Starting on July 16, 1941, this battle ended in September, with the fighting front the same at the end of the prolonged battle as it was at the beginning. It was reported that 9,000,000 men participated in this bloody struggle.

The failure of the Germans to take Smolensk was the turning point of the German-Soviet war. It can just as readily be called the turning point of the second World War.

The Germans now went on the defensive in the Smolensk area and swung into the Ukraine. There was nothing complicated about this move. Germany had to advance and there was nowhere else to go. So they tried to hurt Russia by seizing the important industrial centers and the rich agricultural areas.

While the Germans, from their point of view, had initial success in the Ukraine, it is important to bear in mind that the Russians never considered this area of prime military importance. Proof of this is the fact that they did not send reserves of men or material to support Kiev.

That the Russians were right and the Germans wrong can be seen by these figures: In 1937, the Ukraine produced 10,000,000 tons of wheat for the Soviets. In 1942, it is estimated that no more than 300,000 tons of all food grains were produced for German consumption. Russian "scorched earth" policy and behind-the-lines guerrilla warfare proved costly to the invaders.

In the Ukraine, as on the frontier, the Russians offered only delaying resistance, their aim being to exhaust the German war of movement. The Ukrainian campaign had no effect on the main battle of Moscow.

Russians Await Psychological Moment

In October, 1941, the Germans made their direct drive on Moscow. For two and a half months this battle raged. On a front covering 400 miles, four-fifths of the German tank forces were engaged, two-thirds of the aviation, with more than half of the infantry thrown in.

The Russians still pulled their old trick, waiting for the moment when one great push, launched at the psychological moment, would turn the tide against the exhausted Germans.

This came on Dec. 6, when the Soviets began a counterattack along the whole Moscow front.

The now famous Winter campaign proved that the Germans were unprepared for such warfare; their supply lines were disastrously effected by the extended area over which they fought, and were constantly threatened by rear-line action.

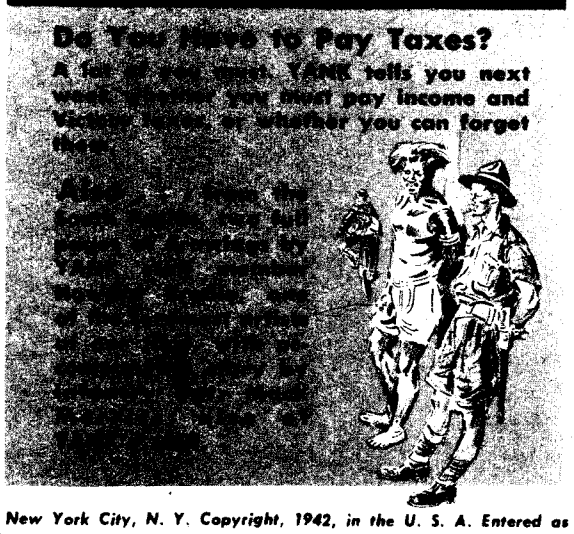
The German desire for territorial gains was their undoing. The Russians were indifferent to territorial losses that did not affect the major military situation. They concentrated on the physical destruction of the German forces.

The Summer campaign of 1942 brought the German drive into the Caucasus. Again they came, with the intention of avoiding hopeless conflict with the main Russian strength. The outcome of this campaign which now headlines the world's news is shown in the map on this page. It is only necessary to call attention to the miscalculation of the German High Command.

Distance from Rostov to the Baku oil fields is 900 miles. The Caucasian mountain range running from the northwest to southeast is more than 800 miles long. No railroad runs through it. Only two highways thread through the mountains at altitudes of from 5,000 to 8,000 feet. They are impractical for the use of modern armies and are easily blocked by defenders. Unless the Germans reached the Baku oil fields, the whole purpose of the campaign was lost.

It is this strategy, so highly praised by President Roosevelt, that today gives the Anglo-American-Soviet coalition its great opportunity to strike effectively at the European continent.

In Next Week's YANK . . .



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YANK's First Fiction

Hot Bridge

By Sgt. HARRY BROWN
Illustrated by Pvt. JACK RUGE

"There was Keeny smiling up at me. 'I fell in,' he says, cool as a shavetail's heel."

I BEEN in the Army a long time and I seen a lot of branches of the service; but I must say that us Engineers are the most inventive boys in the whole damn war, and if you want proof I got it. Last war we was rated very high and even the Marines had a good word to say for us and when the Marines say a good word for you you must be on the ball.

Very often when the Infantry moves up they find us making them some nice warm trenches and when the Infantry gets enough and moves back again we stay and fix up the trenches for someone else. When we go somewhere we come early and stay late and very often the party's on us, with compliments. But we got our quirks. We can be very balky like mules in the mountain artillery, and I got proof of that too, like the time we built the bridge across a big wadi somewheres in Africa when it was a hunderd an' ten in the shade and all the shade was shot to hell by somebody's artillery.

Well, that time we got to this wide wadi and we got two hours to do the job because in two hours a armored column is going to come along and armored columns don't like to get wet. It was so hot that the ants just sat around panting and mopping their brows. Top of that, we had a captain who was a real driver. Me being top kick and an easy-going guy, the captain and me had our conflicts on occasion but I will say this for the captain—he was a fine man and the best swearer I ever run into.

This day he was cussing in fine form because he was as hot as the rest of us and he didn't think much of building a bridge for a mere armored column and he said he'd be willing to stretch his blasted gut for a whole division maybe but a column was small potatoes and he'd blasted well rather be sweating in his tent like a gentleman. There was nothing he could do about it however so there we all were, down by this river and dripping like lit candles.

The Joes in the company were taking it pretty hard and they was griping like hell and suggesting that we do a little demolition work on the armored column when it started to cross over. But they was working along just the same as though the guys in the armored column was from the States too, and the captain had no complaints until we had about six pontons out in the wadi and was making arrangements for the seventh. There was a guy in the company named Keeny and he was standing out waiting for the next ponton to come into place when all of a sudden he stepped into the water.

I was standing by the captain and we both saw Keeny go in. "Gee Dee it, we got a man overboard," the captain says.

I run out to the end of the bridge and looked down and there was Keeny smiling up at me. "I fell in," he says, cool as a shavetail's heels.

"We are building this bridge against time," I says. "This is no day for water sports." And then I suggest in no uncertain terms that Keeny get the hell back up on the bridge and get to work. A lot of the company was stopped working by then and was looking on with interest. This Keeny climbs back up on the bridge dripping wet from the water and looks very happy. "I was hot," he says.

So I go back to the captain and tell him everything's O.K. and he starts swearing and yelling that we're losing time and let's get the blasted bridge up and get out of there. And then suddenly the captain's face turns purple. "Gee Dee it, we got another man overboard," he says, and sure enough we had.

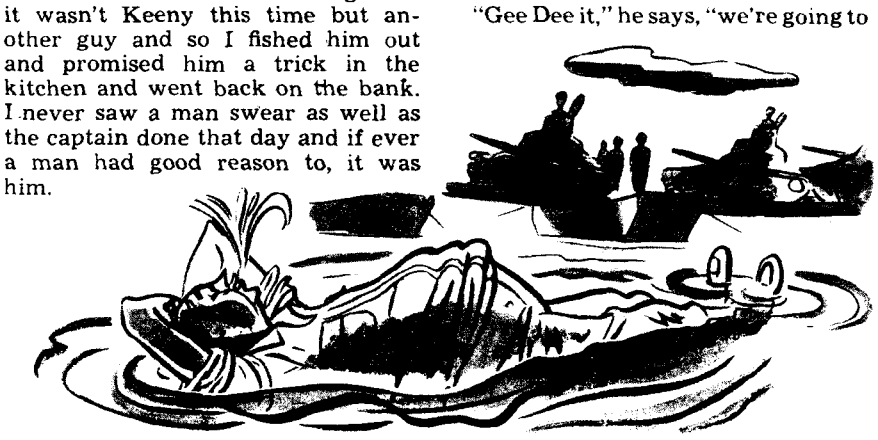
I went back out on the bridge and it wasn't Keeny this time but another guy and so I fished him out and promised him a trick in the kitchen and went back on the bank. I never saw a man swear as well as the captain done that day and if ever a man had good reason to, it was him.

You know what that company was doing? They was falling into the water one after another and there wasn't anything in the world you could do about it. You could fish a man out and tell him to report to the kitchen tomorrow morning and no sooner did you turn your back than someone else took a duck. The captain cussed and the captain swore but the company kept tempting the crocodiles.

"Gee Dee it," the captain says. "I'm going to put this whole company on KP, I'm going to transfer them all to the QMC. This'll ruin me with regimental."

But the funny thing about it was that the bridge was moving right along in spite of the guys accidentally falling into the water. She was a mighty pretty looking bridge too, one of the best I ever seen. The company was having one hell of a good time for itself but they was getting their work done for all of that. And after a while the captain stopped cussing long enough to look at his watch.

"Gee Dee it," he says, "we're going to get this bridge up on time after all."



"There was the captain with his bars and all."

And we did too. Me and the captain stood on the bank and watched those guys fall into the water and the sergeants couldn't stop them and the corporals couldn't stop them but they'd get out of the water all wet and then get back to work and work twice as hard as they did before. And that bridge took shape and finally the captain quieted down and acted almost human.

The bridge was finished in one hour and 43 minutes and the captain began to grin and he turned to me and says, "Gee Dee it, sergeant, I've got a fine company," and then he puts a frown on his face and walks out on the bridge and lines the company up along it.

"Men," he says, "I don't like mutiny which belongs in the Navy and this morning there's been mutiny in this company and tomorrow you're all going to whistle for it. But I want to say that you've put up a fine looking bridge and it's a shame we put it up for a miserable armored column when the whole Gee Dee Eighth Army could go across it. And now that we got it up I'm going to do something I been wanting to do all morning." And with that the captain makes a neat about face and walks right off the bridge into the water and the company cheered like hell.

And that's the way it was when this armored column hove into view. There was the captain with his bars and all floating on his back and blowing out water like a whale with the heaves. The Engineers got their quirks all right, but any time you want a bridge built just come along and knock on our door. We'll accommodate you even if we have to carry you across on our backs and even if it's somewheres in Africa.

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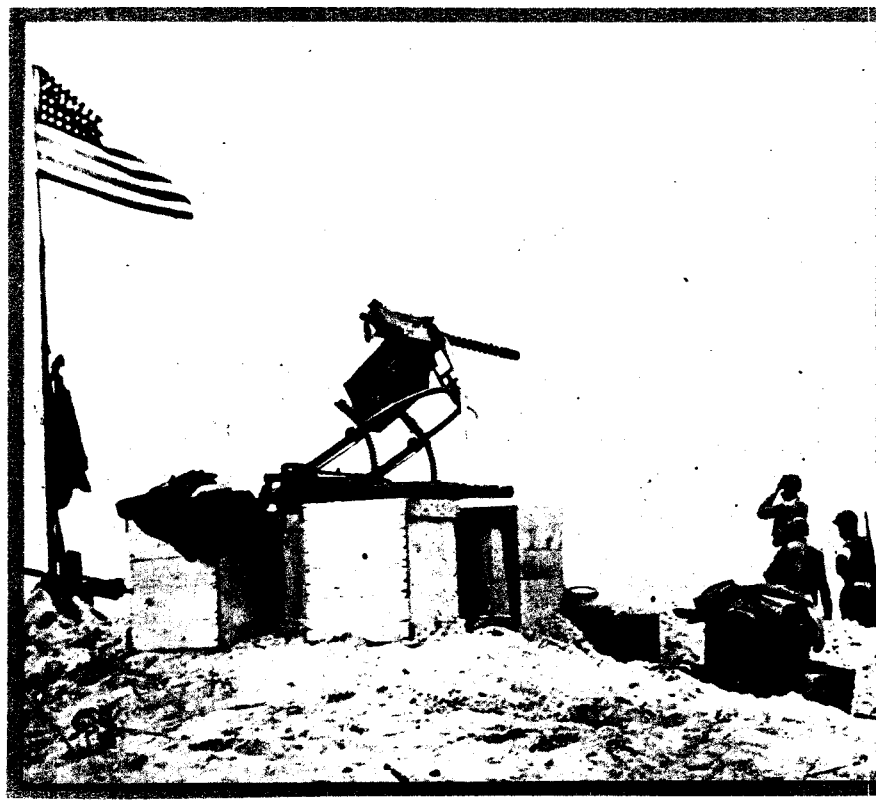

A machine gun mounted on the African shore with the flag to back it up.

Yank liaison officer (right) questions two German prisoners in Tunisia.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

An Eyewitness Account Reveals How We're Blasting Jerry in Tunisia

By Sgt. JAMES BURCHARD
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE ON THE TUNISIAN FRONT [By Radio]—Our gang expected fireworks that afternoon.

The day before, our P-38s and A-20s had knocked the stuffing out of Tunis and Bizerte. This was hitting Jerry where it hurt—and it wasn't like him to take such a licking lying down.

I was sitting with half a dozen American pilots in a dirt hole that serves the group as operations headquarters, when Jerry tried to pull his first daylight bombing raid in this sector.

The boys were rehashing the previous day's party, which they had dubbed the "Morning Milk Run," when the fun began.

All over the field ack-ack guns suddenly cut loose. And in less time than it takes to tell it, we were outside headquarters, looking for fox holes.

Directly over our heads, looking as big as a battleship, was a JU-88. I don't know about pilots, but I do know that I started saying my prayers right then and there.

The German evidently had great respect for our ack-ack fire, for he veered off to the left and disappeared into a cloud bank.

We all relaxed, figuring Jerry had decided to go off home rather than stick his nose into a buzzsaw. But we didn't know this particular Jerry. Almost before the ack-ack smoke had cleared away he zoomed out of the clouds. With complete disregard of the AA, he came down at us in a terrific power dive, roared across the field at about 500 feet, and let go with four big eggs.

At least fifty ack-acks were throwing lead at him, but he was a game guy. He had a job to do and he was doing it.

We were so interested in seeing what was going to happen to that Jerry daredevil that we forgot all about fox holes, and were standing up to see the show. It was just our good luck that the bombs that afternoon landed way beyond us.

Jerry probably never would have laid the eggs if our ack-acks had not opened up on him.

One of the Jerrys, taken prisoner when his ship was brought down, told us later that he had no idea he'd blundered onto an airfield. Once he took a close look, however, he made up his mind in a split second. He saw two P-38s taking off after him, and he knew his goose was cooked; so he gambled on the thousand-to-one shot.

Record of the damage inflicted: one sergeant killed (he'd forgotten to wear his helmet); one truck blown up (four G.I.s under it didn't get scratched); one tent set on fire.

Jerry had overshot his target and didn't even come close to the nice batch of bomb-laden A-20s he was trying to get.

Coming out of his dive, Jerry opened up with better than 300 miles an hour—but it wasn't quite fast enough. A 40-mm crew from New Jersey got in one good burst. Smoke shot out from Jerry's tail and his motors started to chatter. Even then, he might have escaped had three of our second lieutenants not been on deck.

One was already in the air in a P-38. The other two were on the runway.

Perfect Score Against Jerries

It developed that there were three Jerries in the party. When one of them saw the ack-acks open up on their pal, he jettisoned his bombs and tried to make a run for it. The third bombed a nearby town, while dodging French flak. Let me tell you, it takes courage to bomb and strafe a field when you're trying to head for the great open spaces.

It was split-second stuff—bomb and scram. But that split second was time enough for our three second looeys. They and their P-38s knocked down all the Jerries—a perfect score. One had to chase his man 75 miles, but he got him finally.

Herr Hitler's first daylight raid was a complete fizzle. The men who can step up and take a bow for making it so are: Lt. Robert Moffatt, Detroit, Mich.; Lt. Robert Woodward, Greenwich, N. Y., and Lt. Louis Gregory, Quincy, Fla.

When the JU-88 dug up the field with his steel lemons, Moffatt jumped into action. The wheels of his P-38 left the ground just as the first bombs struck.

"I climbed into the air and chased the bomber to the northeast," his report states. "I caught him about five miles away and opened fire at 350 yards. He tried to dodge into the clouds but I followed him and continued firing. As we headed for the ground, and pulled out of the dive, I knew he was through. I circled him and saw that his plane was burning. I had only 50 rounds of ammunition left."

Another JU-88 Ends in Flames

Woodward reported: "I was walking to my ship when I spied the JU-88 to the south of the field. Moffatt was just ahead of me. I stayed below the clouds figuring that Moffatt would get the bomber. I flew east to cut off the plane leaving the area. Twenty-five miles to the east I saw an 88 above me. I attacked and he dove down through the clouds. I followed him, leveled off and, closing up to short range, fired. The bullets hit him and he did a left turn. I made another pass at him and his left engine caught fire. He landed in a dry river bed and four men dashed out. The whole plane was in flames. I did not strafe the men as they did not strafe Americans under the same circumstances."

Gregory came into the fight from the opposite direction. He had been in the air and was due to land in 10 minutes, when he called the field for landing instructions. He was told that a JU-88 was over the field.

"It was overcast at 7,000 feet," Gregory said, "when I started a steep climb to the east. I noticed bursts of flak all around an 88 nearby. Cloud formations and the sun at my back aided me in closing in on the enemy plane. I started firing my cannon a moment later, and then turned on both cannon and machine guns. I could see bullets hitting the entire length of the fuselage but I continued firing. The 88 nosed straight down, one top-rear gunner still firing. Jerry managed to pull out of the dive for a moment, then went out of control and into a dive again. Heading for the base, I observed a burning plane nearby. I went low enough to identify it."

That night the three second lieutenants had a big time. They all were made members of he Messerschmitt Club. You have to shoot down a Jerry to qualify for membership. With three second looeys getting their cards, there are 13 members now.

Only fly in the ointment was that they had to drink the toasts in water.

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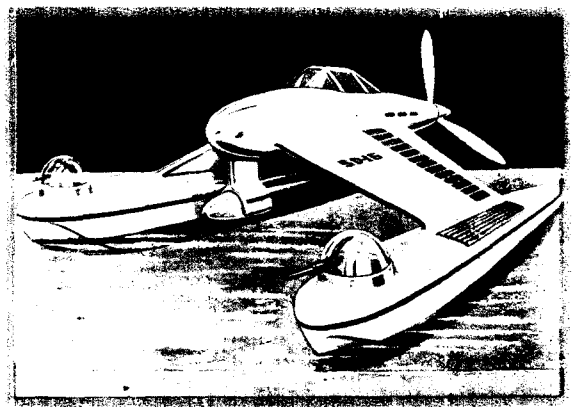


Torpedo boat and subchaser of tomorrow.

When This Sergeant Has a Day Off He Dreams of the Boat of Tomorrow

WRIGHT FIELD, DAYTON, OHIO—Revolutionary idea in shipbuilding has come from the fertile brain of T/Sgt. Alex Tremulis, engineering draftsman at Wright Field Material Center. His design of a winged torpedo boat, reproduced above, marks a tremendous change in the conception of the modern fighting craft.

The spider-like boat, designed during the sergeant's off-duty hours, would be propelled by an airplane engine, would mount at least two flexible gun turrets, is designed for launching from cargo boats to make sudden attacks on submarines. A sort of carry-your-own-convoy idea.

Of catamaran type, having a pilot, two gunners and aircraft engines, the boat is capable of zooming across the water at the unheard of rate of 110 miles an hour. As you can see from the design, it would make an extremely difficult target.

Operating on the dive-bomber principle, the craft would dispatch its torpedo while aiming itself at the target.

"This design also adapts itself as a submarine chaser," Sgt. Tremulis says, "and instead of a torpedo it would launch deadly depth charges. As a sub-chaser it would also be launched from cargo ships in order to search for lurking submarines. In addition, the electrically-powered gun turrets could be used for strafing enemy landing barges."

If and when this design of fighting craft is accepted, it is claimed the ship will develop more speed per horsepower than any other known vessel.

According to enthusiastic supporters of the idea, it will do everything but fly.

—Cpl. JACK KANTER

P. S. Nothing Ever Happens Here Except An Air Raid Every Day or So

AN AIR BASE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—We were sitting around in the squadron's home-made day room doing nothing in particular when the top kick blew his whistle.

Everybody went outside and fell into formation in the dark. The top held his clipboard under a flashlight and talked from the notes he had written down.

"This is an alert. . . ."

Nobody said anything.

"If there is an attack by bombers, it will be around dawn; but these are orders for the 24 hours of this date. . . ."

The orders were that things be cleared for action.

"We roll out at 3:15 in the morning to get the planes ready to go. That includes everybody. Any questions?"

From the rear rank: "You mean KPs too?"

"Everybody goes on the line but the men on duty here. Normal camp activity will prevail."

The squadron, some of them not long back from Guadalcanal, turned over the idea of getting up in the middle of the night. The top flipped out the flashlight and did his talking off the cuff.

"Now this may turn out to be a dud, but on the other hand it may be something mighty serious. Here's some advice to men who haven't experienced a raid. Pick yourself a fox hole and get into it, when you hear bombers.

"If you can hear the bombs falling don't wait around to find a hole—hit the ground right where you are. If you can't find a hole any depression in the ground will do. When you're beneath the surface at all you're pretty safe."

Somebody in the ranks lit a cigarette and in the light of the match you could see him look over where the ping-pong table waited for the game to be resumed.

The top made some remarks about possible objectives so that we could all tell this wasn't just a dry run. Then he cautioned us about our arms and helmets.

"That's all," he said.

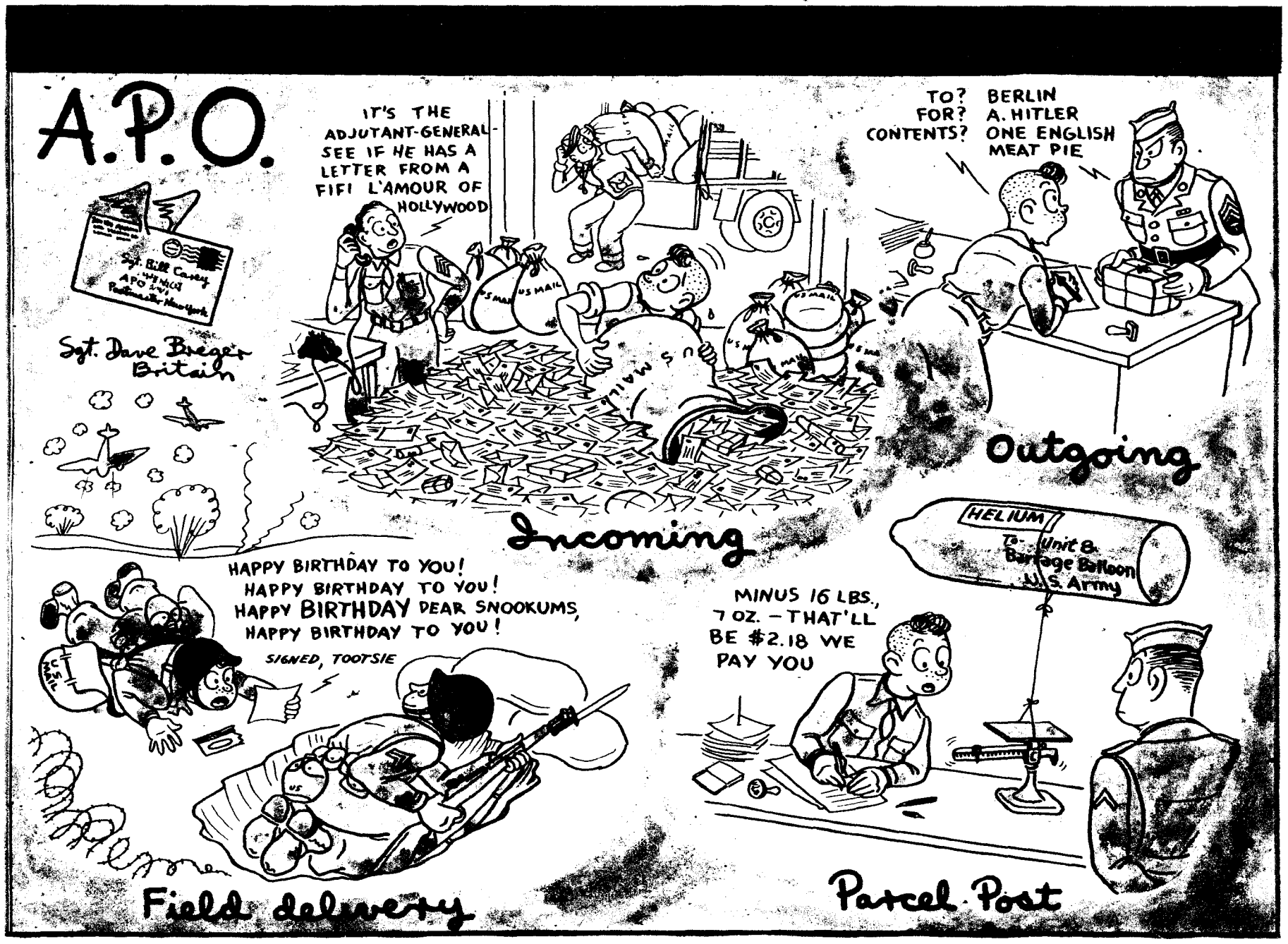
The formation broke and everybody headed back into the day room or for the ping-pong table again.

A kid turned on the record player and listened to a classical number, his head stuck in close under the lid so he could hear above the noise.

Somebody else went over to a table and started on his letter home. He'd gotten as far as "Dear Joan" when the whistle blew. Now he continued:

"Nothing much in particular. . . ."

—Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent



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"THE COMMANDOS are OK and the Rangers pretty swell;
"They'll keep sluggin' night and day, and fight like triple hell.
"The Marines are plenty game and paratroops are tough;
"When it comes to bein' rugged, those babies have the stuff.
"The kids who fly our planes and the boys who sail our ships
"Can dish it out or take it with a grim smile on their lips.
"The hurrah of fame and glory rightly falls around those guys
"For they daily risk death boldly on the sea and in the skies."

"Say, Joe, for just an average guy, you're shootin' off your face.
"Who are you? Seems I know you, but I don't believe I place—"

"Yes, Buddy, yes, you know me, though you generally forget,
"Or don't see me pushin' forward under all that dirt and sweat.
"I've stood and held and suffered, for that's my only game,
"To take whatever comes my way and then dish out the same;
"To move forward, always punchin' and no matter what the cost;
"To hang on to what I've taken—if I don't the battle's lost
"Even though the circus aces and the reckless Navy gob
"Have slashed at Fritz and Tojo and generally played hob.
"Yes, Buddy, they forget me but don't think I give a damn
"When we've smashed the Japs and Germans they'll remember who I am.
"For when the whole thing's over, and only then they'll see
"That I'm the guy who made it stick—the Goddamn Infantry."

—O/C GORDON STRAUSS

Fort Benning, Ga.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

The Chaplain's Lot Is Not Easy Which So Much to Do With So Little

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—Chaplains down here fly thousands of miles to minister to servicemen. They build chapels of ammunition cases, and hold services in mud and among swarms of flies. They follow soldiers through the thick of the jungle and up the hellish battle trails of New Guinea. They bear no arms.

The average chaplain here is a fellow with a high-school and college education, who has had three years in a seminary and three more as an active preacher, priest or rabbi of a regular church. He has passed stiff verbal and written examinations. With much to be done and little to do it with, the chaplain tries to bring to battle-worn men the strength given by religion.

He does his job. There was Chaplain Albert Hart of Los Angeles, whose unit, separated by jungle and water, was in three different places. Hart's plane cracked up when he tried to serve the whole outfit. He was the first man of God to die down here.

Chaplains don't waste time bickering about whose religion is the right one. Fighting men aren't particularly interested in the fine points of dogma and theology. They want someone who will listen and clean up last minute details. They have debts to pay off, financial and moral, and maybe a last word to the wife or a special message to the girl back home. So the chaplain does his best to fix things up, regardless of creed.

If a fellow is a Catholic and the chaplain is a Protestant, the latter will do his best to get a priest to take care of any confidential matters. Whatever their faith, chaplains try to get each other to the places where the need is greatest. For instance, Chaplain James J. O'Donnell, Roman Catholic, found a group of Jewish boys; the nearest rabbi was 700 miles away. Chaplain O'Donnell was loaned a Methodist Church and a Jewish boy led his buddies in the service.

Negro troops have Negro chaplains. There is Chaplain Hubert C. Dubra whose flock is making history at one censored spot. While Chaplain Dubra was hard at work, a bomb fell by his slit trench, some say only 10 yards away. Anyway, it was mighty close. Chaplain Dubra went on working.

Sometimes serving communion can be quite a problem. In a cool wine cellar, the primary liquid of the holy service holds its taste, but it's another matter in the tropical heat. A chaplain is liable to start out with grape juice and wind up with something else.

Every chaplain here is an American citizen, but they joined up from all over. Chaplain Thomas A. Shanahan, executive chaplain for the forces here, and a former Jesuit missionary, was holding forth in the Philippines when the Japs hit Pearl Harbor. Chaplain E. A. Levi, former rabbi of Central Synagogue, Sydney, comes from Auburn, N. Y. Three combat officers hereabouts were preachers back home. If a full-fledged chaplain isn't around, these officers pinch hit.

Chaplains do plenty of financial worrying for the boys. They aid them with their tangled personal affairs, and help them get money to dependents, wives, children, or the girl back home. Almost $15,000 in money and valuables cleared through one base chaplain's office in three days.

Church-going may have seemed sissy back home but down here it's different. In fact, the chaplains claim the Army average is better than the civilian. The average soldier worships at least once a month—a lot of boys oftener.

Every 1200 men are supposed to have their own chaplain but that doesn't mean you can count chaplains' noses and figure strength. That would be too easy for the Axis. Actually the Army provides chaplains as the case demands. If 1200 men are spread all over the lot, it naturally takes more chaplains. One chaplain travels 1500 miles to cover his "parish." It takes another two solid weeks to bump around by jeep. By comparison, the itinerant preacher of horse-and-buggy-days had a soft job.

YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

Detroit Cat Has G.I. Kittens Somewhere in the Middle East

CAIRO—In Detroit a pregnant tabby cuddled up inside a half-packed crate containing a Diesel engine consigned for overseas shipment. The crating was completed and the cat remained a prisoner.

For 41 days the cat lived inside the crate. When the crate was opened at a British base in the Middle East where U. S. troops are stationed out walked the mother cat and four healthy kittens. The cat survived by licking the anti-rust cosmoline from the engine during the voyage across the Atlantic.

The boys in the machine shop have taken the stowaways under their care and report mother and family are doing well.

YANK'S CAIRO BUREAU

Words Across the Sea

Pvt. Henry F. Hurley from Lynn, Mass., is an Irishman who couldn't wait to get into the fight. Two years ago at the age of 43 he volunteered in the Canadian Army. In September he transferred back to ours. Asked why he made the change, he explained, "I wanted a good fight." And to judge by the job he has now it looks as if he got one. Stationed in the London Base Command he's in charge of making out the morning report.

Pvt. Louis Cohen is known around the arena at Camp Edwards as the Roxbury Rejuvenator. He's busy whipping the boys into shape for a big program of fisticuffs, but he took time off to message Sgt. Joe McGann of Waltham, Mass., somewhere in New Caledonia: "Regards to all of Battery B. We miss you all."

Pvt. Edward Feurey used to be a short order cook in Asbury Park on the Jersey shore before that short order came along from Uncle Sam. Now Ed is stationed at Ft. Slocum, and wants to say "Howdy" to his pal Pvt. Aaron Cohen. "Hope to see you and the boys soon," says Ed. "Keep 'em hopping until I get there."

Sgt. Edmond A. Rhodes from Gainesville, Tex., assumes the typical Texan "nothin' - can - scare - me" face. He is 23 and went under contract with Uncle Sam two years ago. From his station in England he sends a message half way around the world to his kid-brother, Pvt. Alvin Rhodes, in the Philippines: "Al, old kid, I hope you see this. Keep the honor of Texas swingin' until I see you after the fracas."

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Grasshopper Planes

The Grasshopper flies low, can land almost anywhere.

By S Sgt. SAM A. ILITZKY
(Fort Sill's One-Man Band)

FORT SILL, OKLA.—The Artillery's famous "Caisson Song" has been rewritten in these parts by a new outfit of flying artillery known as the "Grasshopper Pilots." The song goes like this:

"We don't need spurs or boots
And we fly too low for chutes,
We're the eyes of the Artillery;
Into action we will go
Flying too damn low and slow,
We're the eyes of the Artillery."

Taking the place of the observation balloon of first World War fame, light, tiny flivvers of the air remain behind their own lines at an elevation of from 400 to 600 feet, flying back and forth behind battery positions. An aerial observer watches the target and corrects errors in firing.

The Grasshopper Pilots are artillerymen trained especially for observation. They have no connection with the Army Air Force. Both the commissioned and noncommissioned pilots must possess the equivalent of a private pilot's license before they are eligible to apply for artillery observation training.

These pilots need no elaborate landing field, because any small plowed field or wagon track through the woods, any spot with wing clearance for the plane, is a potential airport.

Low flying speed and absence of armament make the Grasshopper easy prey for enemy pursuit planes. For this reason planes remain behind their own lines at all times, the pilot keeping one eye on the target and the other on the alert for enemy aircraft.

"Take a look and then run like hell," the artillerymen are instructed. This is not too tough, since a successful flying mission for a Grasshopper can be completed within eight minutes. The protection, despite low speed, is low altitude flying, ability to land almost anywhere, ease with which the small plane may be hidden under trees, and the difficulty of spotting from the air—except when the plane crosses an open field.

Officials of the Field Artillery School at Fort Sill began a year ago to experiment with small planes to determine whether their use for observation was practical. One detachment was sent to Fort Sam Houston, Tex., to conduct tests with the Second Division and another was sent to Fort Bragg, N. C., to work with the 13th FA Brigade.

As a result of these experiments, the Air Training Detachment of the Field Artillery School was set up at Fort Sill to train commissioned and enlisted flyers and mechanics.

Pilots in observation training come from two sources—civilian and military. Civilians who enroll for Civilian Pilot Training receive 10 weeks of instruction from CPT and then are sent to Fort Sill where they get eight weeks of basic military instruction. Then they study advanced courses in observation and plane maintenance. Military personnel of the ground forces who already hold ratings of private pilot or higher undergo a two-week refresher course and then begin the five-week advanced course.

Commissioned officers chosen for Grasshopper training must be in the grade of captain or below. Qualified enlisted men may be chosen regardless of grade. After beginning their pilot-observation training they are promoted to the grade of staff sergeant, creating what has become known as the staff sergeant pilots of the Artillery.

Jungle Warfare in New Guinea Offers Challenge Even to Hollywood

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA [By Cable]—When Hollywood starts turning out its inevitable post-war versions of the battles Yanks are fighting all over the world, it's going to have a tough time creating a reasonable facsimile of the nightmarish front on which American infantrymen in New Guinea have been killing and dying.

For one thing, any war movies dealing with this particular sector of the Southwest Pacific will have to dispense with romance: there is only a handful of nurses south of the Owen Stanley Mountains, and women simply don't exist north of this formidable range, where the action has been taking place. For another thing, there will be considerable casting difficulties; there are too many heroes. Finally, the ingenuity of the most resourceful scenic designers in the world would be insufficient to concoct a setting remotely approaching the wild, inhospitable jungle that was never used for very much before but is now being converted, steadily and satisfyingly, into a cemetery for Japs.

Scattered throughout this fantastic area are huge mangrove trees that can hold their own against the dimensional claims of the most self-assured California redwood. I visited a battalion command post the other day, not far from the nearest Jap positions, and found that the CP consisted merely of a field telephone installed in a fox hole partially shielded by one of these mammoth trees. The only piece of furniture was a dilapidated C-rations case serving both as a table and a chair. Camouflaged from ground observation by a mass of tropical trees and plants fighting for *lebensraum* in the cramped jungle, and protected against aerial reconnaissance by a natural blanket of branches, leaves and vines, the installation was virtually invisible until you were right on top of it.

To its rear and to its sides, usually fairly close to the single trail which is always the lifeline of jungle operations, were dozens of fox holes and slit trenches. Some contained mortar crews, sending shells up through the trees as fast as the ammunition carriers could bring them up the back-breaking trail. Some were empty, waiting to be used as beds, if ever the rare opportunity for sleep presented itself.

In the jungle, where you can't see enough sky to tell if a plane overhead is friendly or not, your best chance of catching yourself a couple of hours of undisturbed sleep is to crawl into a hole, provided you can find a dry one. Occasionally, when the fighting lets up briefly, you just flop down in the mud and sleep wherever you fall. If you know Tojo isn't going to bother you for a few minutes, what's a little mud?

—E. J. KAHN JR.
YANK Field Correspondent

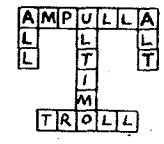
In the Daytime, at Least, Iceland's a Thumber's Paradise

ICELAND BASE COMMAND—Thumbing a lift at night presents a pretty problem in these parts, and soldiers really have to sweat out their rides. For the record, one man who tried it had to wait 20 minutes the first time and 40 minutes the second, on lonely stretches of road. Even in midtown, it's not always simple, though it's OK as far as regulations go. It's a far cry from the anti-hitching directives of training days in South Carolina, Michigan or California.

Thumbing is official up here. It's a cinch in the daytime. Everybody stops for a thumber, from the commanding general down, unless hurrying on an urgent mission. Much of the time a pedestrian can get a ride in a company area or motor pool, without having to go out on the highway. A chap I know, standing at a designated "pull-in" point, successfully thumbed a private, two corporals, a sergeant and a major.

As they sometimes say in this area (where we were preceded by British forces), the system percolates with petrol during daylight. And it's not always slow at night. As a last resort, the night-crawling stratum of enlisted society *may* be able to snag a Reykjavik taxi on the hoof to spin out to hutments. That is, of course, if the guy in ODs figures to go straight home. And let an eyewitness tell you that for an enlisted man there's no azimuth but home. Ask any MP.

YANK's Iceland Correspondent



TEETOTAL WINNERS

S/Sgt. Joseph S. Gelders, Instructor Co. No. 1, 800th Signal Service Regiment, Camp Crowder, Mo., walked away with the first heat of YANK's Teetotal Puzzle Contest. The sergeant used some pretty elegant words to get a solution that adds up to 403, but the words are all in the dictionary, so he is the winnah. His solution is printed herewith. Runners-up were Pfc. Christo Phillips, Army Air Base, Topeka, Kans., with a score of 396, and Pvt. Neal R. Van Middlesworth, 12th Armored Force, Camp Campbell, Ky., 389.

Each of these three guys receives one of YANK's new puzzle kits—and they are really something, containing practically every puzzle known to man.

Watch for YANK's puzzle contests. There will be many of them, all with valuable prizes.

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NEWS FROM HOME

Skimming the Week on the Home Front

Representative Sam Rayburn of Texas was re-elected for a third term as Speaker of the House by a vote of 217 to 205 over the Republican nominee, Representative Joseph Martin Jr. of Massachusetts. Speaker Rayburn promised to lead the convening 76th Congress to a new role of independence.

In the 17 Atlantic seaboard states from Maine to Florida all pleasure driving was banned by the OPA. Local police investigated passenger cars; and social calls, honeymoon trips and non-essential shopping drives were ended. . . . The increased cost of living requires $6 for every $5 spent two years ago, the Federal Reserve Board reported.

An American plane built entirely of wood successfully made its first test flight on the West Coast. The Curtiss-Wright Corporation fabricated it from plywood, laminated wood and plain lumber, reserving strategic materials for fighters and bombers. A twin-engine, high-wing monoplane with a span of 108 feet, the all-wood plane will be used as a transport for troops and cargoes.

The small farmer not only met 1942 food production goals but topped them by tremendous figures, according to the Farm Security Administration. In one large region milk production increased 11.8 per cent; eggs, 50.2; poultry, 47.7; beef, 31.1; and pork, 19.7. . . . Firestone Tire and Rubber Co. revealed development of a hard-wearing synthetic rubber known as butaprene and a time-saving method of processing it.

Raising $6,500 for United China Relief, Marian Anderson sang in the DAR's Constitution Hall in Washington before a capacity audience that included Mrs. Roosevelt. . . . A New York truck driver who failed to report for induction into the Army was sentenced to five years in prison. . . . Lt. Clark Gable graduated from the Army Air Forces Flexible Gunnery School at Tyndall Field, Fla.

Announced American casualties since the outbreak of war total 61,126, the OWI reported. The Army's casualties as of Dec. 20 were 36,528. Of that number, 2,193 were killed, 3,948 were wounded, 29,265 are missing, 1,016 are prisoners of war and 106 are interned in neutral countries. Out of the 3,948 wounded, 699 have returned to duty.

At long last: something that will keep the hair of women war plant workers out of the machine, keep dirt out of the hair and still look attractive.

President Sees Advance On Road to Victory in '43

WASHINGTON — "The Axis powers knew that they must win the war in 1942—or eventually lose everything. I do not need to tell you that our enemies did not win the war in 1942." Thus did a determined President Roosevelt set forth his confidence in an ultimate Allied victory in his tenth annual address to a joint session of Congress on the state of the Union.

"I do not prophesy when this war will end," he said, "but I do believe that this year of 1943 will give to the United Nations a very substantial advance along the roads that lead to Berlin and Rome and Tokyo."

Air superiority, he said, gradually passed from the Axis to the United Nations, which are destroying four planes for every one lost in the Pacific, and which have a two-to-one edge in Africa.

On the home front the President reported "a miracle of production. The arsenal of democracy is making good." He cited production figures: 670,000 machine guns, six times greater than 1941 production; 10,250,000,000 rounds of small arms ammunition five times greater than 1941; 181,000,000 rounds of artillery ammunition, 12 times greater than 1941; 48,000 planes; 56,000 tanks;

ARIZONA

At Phoenix, Gov. Osborn began his second term. At Globe, Sam H. Morris, Democratic National Committeeman, was named to the University of Arizona Board of Regents. Kemper Marley, state highway commissioner, was accused at Phoenix of grand theft of state highway department motor equipment.

ARKANSAS

More than 1,000 physically handicapped Arkansans are working in war industries. Francis Cherry took office in Jonesboro as the youngest chancellor in the State's history. Bonnie Beth Tyler of Lepanto was named "Maid of Cotton" for 1943 by the National Cotton Council. Taxpayers whose homes were destroyed in the Berryville tornado are not exempted from taxes, Attorney General Jack Holt ruled. William Rector Johnson, publisher of the Malvern *Journal*, entered the armed forces. Fire caused $50,000 damage in the Peoples' Furniture Company building in Little Rock. A new bridge across Big Buffalo River is under construction near Ponca in Newton County. Lewis Dowell, former Boone County legislator, was charged with attempting to kill his son. D. Palmer Patterson, state U. S. Employment Service director, was appointed manpower director for Arkansas. At Jonesboro, Mrs. William Halfacre was exonerated in the shooting of her husband; she said he threatened to kill her and their six children.

CALIFORNIA

An 853-unit housing project was approved for South San Francisco. Attorney General Earl Warren, Republican, was inaugurated as governor at Sacramento. The California State Railroad Commission ordered a cut in Pacific Gas and Electric Company rates. At Los Angeles, District Attorney Dockweiler investigated charges that a police beating caused the death of Stanley F. Beebe, cousin of scientist William Beebe. Bing Crosby salvaged $2,000, stuffed in the toe of an old shoe, from the ruins of his $175,000 home in North Hollywood, destroyed by fire. Fire threatened fish packing plants and canneries on Terminal Island at San Pedro. At Los Angeles, a hijacker took 6,000 pounds of meat, later abandoning all but 2,600 pounds—the choicest cuts.

COLORADO

At Denver, retiring Gov. Carr told the legislature that he had discovered a plan to replace states' rights with "regional dictatorships," warned against federalization of education. Trial started at Pueblo of a $5,000 damage suit charging Louis D. Baca, former lieutenant governor of New Mexico, with negligent driving and responsibility for an accident in which Mrs. William C. Lyons of Colorado Springs was injured.

CONNECTICUT

Mayor V. A. Scully of Waterbury suffered a heart attack. At Danbury, James J. McCarthy, 17, was charged with the knife slaying of Gottfried K. Seegelken in a $50 grocery store robbery. Public schools of Thompson closed due to fuel shortage.

FLORIDA

Miami police investigated a speedboat explosion in Miami River which killed Charles Cashman of Miami Beach and injured five other persons. Miami OPA officials seized almost $1,000,000 worth of gas-ration tickets, announced they had broken up a large-scale black market.

GEORGIA

In Atlanta, a woman frequently fined for drunkenness came before Police Recorder Callaway again, told him he was responsible—she was celebrating his 21st anniversary on the bench. Carlos A. (Shep) Biggs, manager of the Augusta Baseball Club, joined the Army. James M. Cox, publisher of the Atlanta Journal, proposed a ban on week-end driving in place of the complete prohibition of pleasure driving.

ILLINOIS

Fireworks loomed in the 63rd General Assembly over a $62,500,000 balance in the State treasury; some legislators want the funds held to reduce the sales tax from 2 to 1 per cent, others want it appropriated and spent. In Chicago, talk of an independent candidate for mayor increased. Cook County butchers received pay increases of $3 to $3.50 a week. At Chicago, Sam (Golf Bag) Hunt went on trial for a fourth time for the murder of a Negro houseman. A sudden fire at the $250,000 Beverly bowling alleys in Chicago took six lives.

INDIANA

At Indianapolis, Mayor Robert H. Tyndall and other newly elected city officials were sworn in. Four persons were killed in traffic accidents at Indianapolis in one day. A grain elevator burned at Frankton. Fire starting in the Bomb Shelter restaurant destroyed five Newport buildings; loss, $25,000. At Fort Wayne, members of the Polar Bears Club took their annual Winter swim in St. Joseph River. Bloomington's Harris-Grand theater, damaged by fire last July, is to be rebuilt. At Marion, Patrolman Chaney Bole was killed by two men he found burglarizing a tavern. Five New Castle policemen, appointed by the city's previous administration, refused to resign. Jesse McClure, former Indianapolis recreation director, died at Evansville. An increase of one cent a quart in the retail price of milk was approved by OPA for all Indiana counties except Grant, Allen, Floyd, St. Joseph, LaPorte, Steuben, Putnam, Clinton, Dearborn and Lake. At Gary, Mayor Joseph E. Finerty and a Democratic city administration took over. At Ft. Wayne, a "grab-and-run" bandit took $1,216 from a meat market. Capt. Raymond B. Townsley of Danville, former State American Legion commander, died at El Paso, Tex.

IOWA

Grundy County was the first to qualify for a government hemp processing plant. Richard McMullen, Simpson College student preacher, approved the revocation of his gas-ration book for speeding. Chief Ration Clerk Bert Gibson of Wapello County was hospitalized for "physical exhaustion." A Cedar Rapids youth drove a car on a mixture of gasoline, kerosene, castor oil and moth balls.

KENTUCKY

C. M. C. Porter of the State Alcoholic Beverage Control Board was named executive director of a State Distillers' League, organized to eliminate "public nuisances" among whisky retailers. A pipe line is proposed to tap a huge gas field underlying portions of Jackson, Clay, Knox, Breathitt, Magoffin, Johnson, Leslie, Perry and Bell Counties: it is felt this will help relieve natural-gas shortages in vital Eastern industrial areas. Fire destroyed three buildings and caused $40,000 damage in Edmonton. Mayor Wilson W. Wyatt of Louisville ordered a survey of the rate structure of the Louisville Railway Company.

LOUISIANA

The New Orleans City Commission Council passed an army-inspired ordinance aimed at "bee drinkers"—unattached women who promote drinking in bars. Development of a superior type of strawberry called "Convoy," was announced at the Louisiana University's agricultural experiment station at Hammond. Physicians at Eunice launched a drive to exterminate rodents.

MAINE

Patrolman Arthur W. Chandler of Bangor became a sheriff's deputy in Penobscot County. Four men are candidates for mayor of Lewiston: Odilon J. Goulet, Romeo A. Forgues, J. C. Boucher and Edgar St. Hilaire.

MARYLAND

The ODT discontinued the Charles Street and the Fayette Street bus lines in Baltimore, and passenger service between Baltimore and Gettysburg on the Western Maryland Railroad. Tredway's Delight, old 123-acre estate in Harford County, was sold by Dean Bedford. At Baltimore, a contract was let to improve Waterview Avenue following completion of the dual highway at Fairfield on Chesapeake Avenue. James A. Young, 63, veteran clerk of the Court of Appeals, died at Annapolis. Wicomico County boys formed a fire-fighting brigade to replace registered firemen now in the armed forces.

MASSACHUSETTS

Ten persons were indicted in the investigation of the Cocoanut Grove night-club fire in Boston that cost 489 lives. Mayor Faxon Bowen of North Adams has asked an investigation of his wife's dismissal as clerk of the rationing board. Boston College was given 1,000 gallons of fuel oil to save it from closing. Chicopee barbers considered dispensing with shaves—lack of help. U. S. Marshal John Hall was seriously injured when he slipped and fell on an ice-covered Springfield street. The Rev. Patrick J. Meehan, pastor of Holy Trinity Church, died at Greenfield. Mrs. Mary C. Stephenson became chairman of the Springfield School Committee.

MICHIGAN

At Detroit, Josephine Ford, 19, granddaughter of Henry Ford, was married to Walter Buhl Ford II, no kin. Grand

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you're a YANK subscriber, and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City, and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

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OLD MILITARY ADDRESS

NEW MILITARY ADDRESS

STRINGTIME FOR HENRY

It's a mystery to us how Pvt. Henry allowed himself to be talked into this predicament. All we know is that it happened at a USO party and it was all part of some game.

First they tied a piece of string to both his wrists. Then they trotted out this cute little number and tied another piece of string to her wrists, first looping it through Pvt. Henry's string.

Pvt. Henry is a glutton for punishment. If it were up to him he'd prefer to stay that way all evening but—the object of this game is to get free without breaking or unknotting the string. Can it be done?

(Solution on page 21.)

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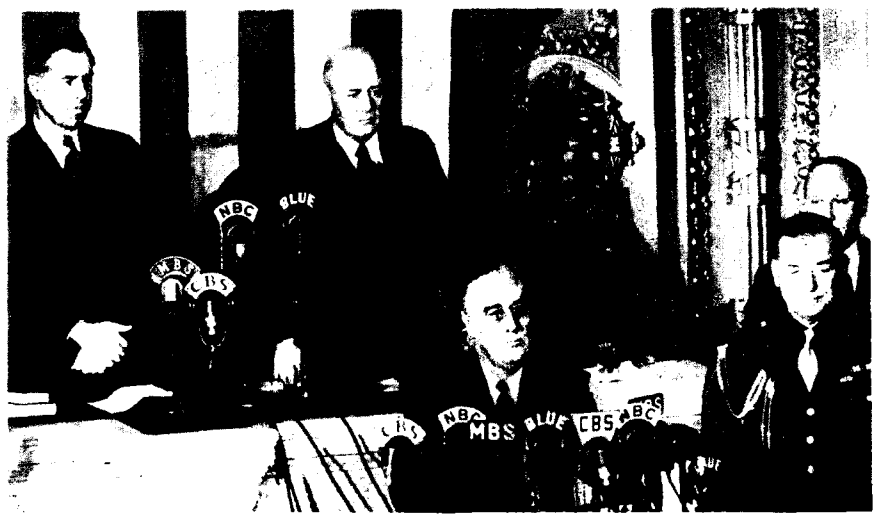

The president addresses the new Congress. Behind him are Vice President Wallace and Speaker of the House Rayburn. Gen. Watson, the presidential aide, is at the right.

and 8,090,800 tons of shipping.

President Roosevelt had two main points to make about the post-war world:

"It is clear to us that if Germany and Italy and Japan—or any one of them—remain armed at the end of this war, or are permitted to rearm, they will again and inevitably embark upon an ambitious career of world conquest. They must be disarmed and kept disarmed, and they must abandon the philosophy, and the teaching of that philosophy, which has brought so much suffering to the world.

"The men in our armed forces want a lasting peace and, equally, they want permanent employment for themselves, their families and their neighbors, when they are mustered out at the end of the war."

Rapids' annual furniture market opened under a government boycott; the OPA boycotted the market because the ODT asked that it be suspended this year.

MINNESOTA

Gov. Stassen, starting his third term, appointed Rollin G. Johnson of Forest Lake as business manager. Thomas Dillon, new Hennepin County attorney, named Otto Morck, Minneapolis, and Theodore B. Knudson, St. Louis Park, his assistants. George A. Selke, president of St. Cloud Teachers College, was named State manpower director. Dr. L. W. Boe, president of St. Olaf College for 25 years, died at Northfield.

MISSOURI

In St. Louis, Mrs. Viola Chestnut was held for the fatal stabbing of her husband. Mayor William D Becker rejected a suggestion that east-west St. Louis street cars and busses make a loop at Twelfth Street during peak hours instead of completing their runs. Gov. Donnell appointed Laurence M. Hyde, a Republican, justice of the Missouri Supreme Court. Mrs. Louise Wollbrinck became marriage license clerk at St. Louis—the first woman to hold the job. The Board of Police Commissioners of St. Louis made Inspector James J. Mitchell chief of police, succeeding John H. Glassco, who retired.

NEW JERSEY

Motorists reported damage to tires from nails scattered over several streets in Runnemede. At Spring Lake Heights, David V. Lambert, former pressroom foreman for the New York *Journal American* and the Detroit *News*, died. Girls at fashionable Highland Manor Junior College at West Long Branch scrubbed their own floors after 30 Negro domestics quit in protest against deduction of the 5 per cent from their wages for victory tax. At Summit, 600 pounds of horse meat was sold the first day it was offered in New Jersey. Laura Matriss, 17, Hackensack student, was exonerated in the fatal stabbing of her father. Search continued for Mrs. Edna Gilsenan, escaped from Marlboro State Hospital. When an automobile ran into five persons walking on an unlighted highway near Trenton, Mrs. Mary Roller, 19, and William Depula, 21, of Trenton, and Wallace Strickland, 21, of Lawrence township, were killed, and the other two were critically injured.

NEW MEXICO

Gallup and McKinly County tavern operators launched a drive against juvenile "gangsterism." The University of New Mexico began a program to allow students to receive degrees a year earlier than previously. Leon H. Harms, secretary-manager of the State Fair, said the exhibition will be held as usual this year. Clyde Oden became chairman of the State Highway Commission; former Judge Bryan G. Johnson declined the chairmanship of the Public Utilities Commission.

NEW YORK

Louis A. Terhaar, auditor for the Buffalo Board of Education, jumped to his death from the ninth floor of the Buffalo City Hall. At Massena, eight men were killed when a can of gasoline exploded in a restaurant. Mrs. Caroline Goodwin O'Day, 67, former representative-at-large for New York, died at Rye. At Mineola, Louis Valle, a waiter, was charged with killing his daughter and sister-in-law in an argument. Donald B. Shaw walked from Albany to New York City to join the Army.

NORTH CAROLINA

In Raleigh, Rosanna Lightner Phillips and her husband, Daniel Phillips, Negroes, were asphyxiated for the ax-murder of Harry F. Watkins, Durham County farmer; she was the first woman to be executed in the State. Dr. Luther Little resigned after 25 years as pastor of Charlotte's First Baptist Church. George E. Wilson Jr. succeeded Keely Grice as Charlotte's postmaster. John K. Slear, former secretary to Congressman A. L. Bulwinkle, became secretary to Congressman Cameron Morrison who was elected to the State's new Congressional seat. Ray Nixon, Charlotte typographer, was named area representative for the CIO United Rubber Workers. North Carolina deaths: Dr. Archibald Currie, 68, professor of economics and political science at Davison College; Dr. Grover T. Bond, 56, superintendent of the Charlotte district of the Methodist Church; William Dean Wilkinson, 84, prominent businessman of Charlotte; William Thomas Lee, former legislator and member of the State Corporation Commission, at Waynesville.

NORTH DAKOTA

The North Dakota House of Representatives deadlocked over election of speaker, with H. W. McInnes, coalitionist, and Ralph G. Beede, Non-Partisan Leaguer, each receiving 55 votes. The election of a Nelson County representative to succeed the late Dr. A. O. Arneson was awaited to break the tie. At Bismarck, Theodore Taylor, former county treasurer, became sheriff, succeeding Joe Kohler. At Grand Forks, Earl Arthur Hilleland, 19, was killed by police when he emerged from an insurance office shortly before dawn. The Great Northern railroad passed its 50th anniversary as a transcontinental line without ceremony. Charles B. Romkey of Moorhead agreed to remove 8,000 bushels of onions from a building adjoining the Park Theater in Fargo, and the city dropped a suit against him.

OHIO

At Cincinnati, Sheriff Fred Sperber died when his auto hit a street car in College Hill. The Cincinnati City Council gave city employees wage increases totalling $650,000. At Cincinnati, the internationally famed Rockwood Pottery was donated to the Institutum Divi Thomae, archdiocesan scientific research and graduate school. At Cleveland, a 33-year-old mother, Mrs. Theresa Krashevec, was arrested and charged with leaving the body of her 5-months-old baby in a crib while she toured saloons for six days. Cleveland deaths: John T. Fagan, who developed mass production of electric light bulbs, and Dr. George W. Crile, 78, world-famed surgeon and scientist, who developed the nerveblock anesthesia system and performed the first direct blood transfusion.

PENNSYLVANIA

A cab company hired five women drivers in Philadelphia, said it was only the beginning. Adingdon Hospital in Philadelphia was quarantined when a pheumonia case turned out to be smallpox—the first case in the Philadelphia area in 11 years. In Media, fire seriously damaged two stores on State Street, then broke out again, causing further damage. Fire swept the Publicker Commercial Alcohol Company plant on the Delaware River in Philadelphia. A three-alarm fire caused $200,000 damage at the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company plant in downtown Philadelphia, destroying between 3,000 and 4,000 tires.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Presbyterian College at Clinton will allow students who enroll in 1943 to graduate in 1945. Hydrophobic foxes continue to cause headaches in Chesterfield and Darlington Counties. South Carolina farmers were asked this year for crop production 80 per cent greater than in 1942. A barge crashed into the bridge over the Santee-Cooper canal near Moncks Corner, knocking away half the span and isolating Moncks Corner from the north. Dr. Walter Boone of Gaffney was found dead with a head wound, apparently self-inflicted. Mrs. Pearsall Rogers of Mullins denied she had resigned as Marion County superintendent of education. Gov. Jefferies granted reprieves to Mrs. Sue Logue, former Edgefield County teacher, and two others sentenced to die in the slaying of Davis Timmerman. Julius Y. Wise, 72, was killed at Coward by a passenger train he was attempting to flag for his granddaughter. Bennettsville's new high school has opened. At Greenville, W. Frank Hipp, founder and president of the Liberty Life Insurance Company, died.

TENNESSEE

At Ducktown, eight men were killed, 13 wounded, in an explosion in the Burra mine of the Tennessee Copper Company. At Nashville, Gov. Cooper became the second Governor since the Civil War to begin a third consecutive term. The legislature opened at Nashville, with poll tax repeal scheduled to furnish fireworks.

TEXAS

Conviction of Homer Brooks, one-time State Communist Party leader, on a charge of draft evasion was upheld by the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals. At Weimar, Mayor and Mrs. Henry J. Lass celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. At Houston, the Church of the Good Shepherd (Episcopal) called a retired Congregational minister, the Rev. Robert Hargis. At Beaumont, fire and explosions caused $500,000 damage to the Pure Oil Company's tank farm. At Palestine, the 78-year-old Dilley Foundry closed down, a war casualty. Dr. James Britton Cranfill, 84, founder of the *Baptist Standard*, died at Dallas. John North Edy, formerly of Dallas, became Houston's city manager when Mayor Otis Massey and eight new councilmen were sworn in. At Houston, W. E. Fain gave a $1,000 bond for an expectant fathers' room at Memorial Hospital.

VERMONT

Gov. Wills announced he would ask the new legislature to extend his war emergency powers. A proposal to eliminate all highway work for the duration is expected to prove controversial. Herbert L. Moore, farmer and Grange leader of Plymouth, has entered the race against Joseph A. Denney and Asa S. Bloomer for House speaker.

VIRGINIA

Virginia's "speed detectors" were installed, and suspension of gas-ration books of speedsters began. City Safety Director Herbert agreed with Army and Navy complaints that Richmond taxis charge exorbitant prices and sometimes refuse to accept passengers. The Federal Reserve Bank took over the Reynolds Metal Company building on Franklin Street, and the Reynolds firm moved to the 10-story Grace Securities Building at Third and Grace. David Fensom, 27, manager of the Richmond Delivery Service, was missing and his clothes were found by the James River near Boulevard Bridge. Joe L. Epps, member of the Board of Aldermen for 30 years, died.

WASHINGTON

Tacoma and Seattle held joint ground-breaking ceremonies for their $5,000,000 airport at Bow Lake. Ships set out for the seasonal catch of soup-fin sharks, prized for their livers. Dr. Frederick Arthur Osborn, 40 years professor of physics at the University of Washington, died. Work began at Seattle on the $2,800,000 north pier at the Connecticut street Terminals. Washington wineries, at capacity production, may begin to ration soon. Applications for a 2-cent increase in retail milk prices were filed with the state OPA. Seattle trailed Portland, Ore., in 1942 traffic safety, with 87 deaths compared to Portland's 57. The Bellingham Herald *suspended publication in a wage dispute with the Typographical Union.*

WEST VIRGINIA

Judge Clay Crouse at Beckley asked the grand jury to indict parents who allow children to loiter around roadhouses. The U. S. Supreme Court agreed to hear an appeal from a three-judge federal court decision in West Virginia that school children cannot be compelled to salute the flag if it violates their religious beliefs.

WISCONSIN

Gov. Heil commuted the prison term of Louis Fazio, convicted of pandering, despite protests from District Attorney Steffes and Milwaukee women's organizations. Heil said Fazio's sentence was longer than it should have been. Herman Fehr, 77, attorney and former director of the Orpheum vaudeville circuit, died at Milwaukee. William E. Simons of Milwaukee was named regional salvage director for Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana and Iowa. Milwaukee school director George O. Strehlow resigned as a Socialist Party member, sought reelection to the school board with independent backing. District Judge Neelen revoked the license of the Bright Spot, a bar on East Detroit Street after its proprietor was convicted a second time for selling liquor after hours.

WYOMING

At Worland, two Burlington Railroad freight trains collided, causing $100,000 damage and injuring three trainmen. Dr. Lester C. Hunt, Democrat, was inaugurated governor at Cheyenne. At Cheyenne, eight cars of the Union Pacific's Overland-Los Angeles Limited were derailed when struck by a mail and express train.

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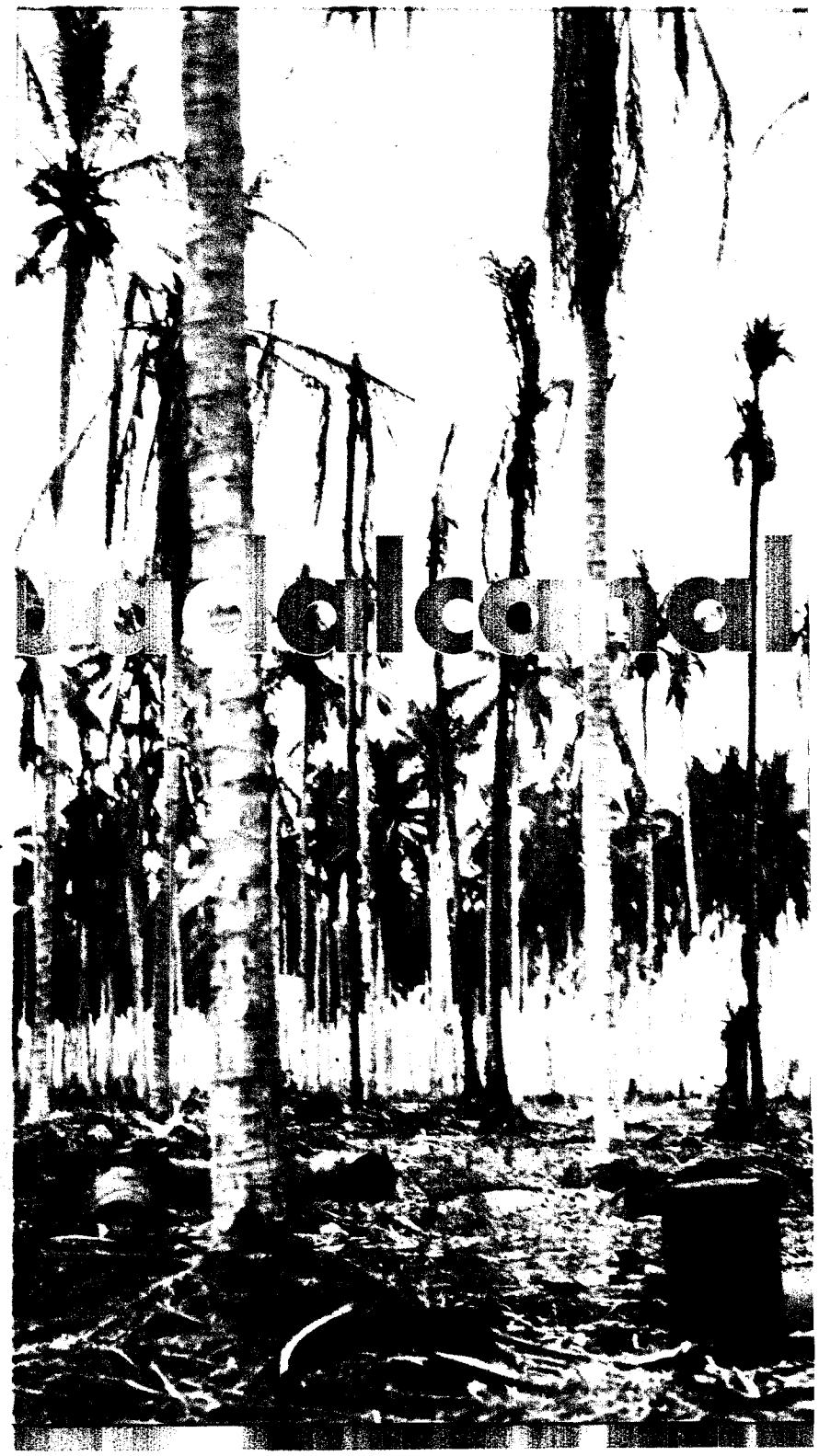
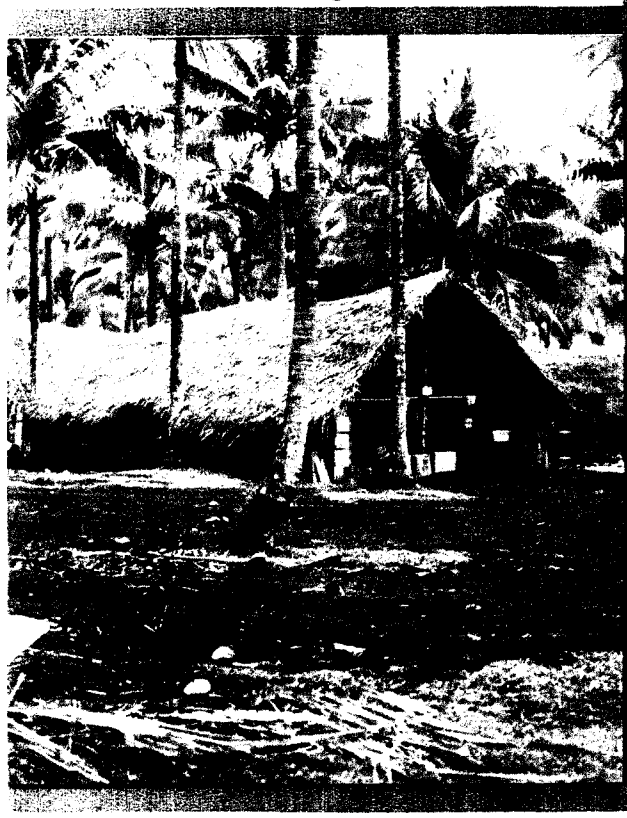
The jeep is a vehicle built to carry as many men as want a ride.

To hold an island, fighters need supplies.



Not a living thing in sight. Even palm trees are casualties of heavy



Army warehouse, built in South Seas style.

One of the Army's 155-mm howitzers which has found plenty of work to do in the Solomons.

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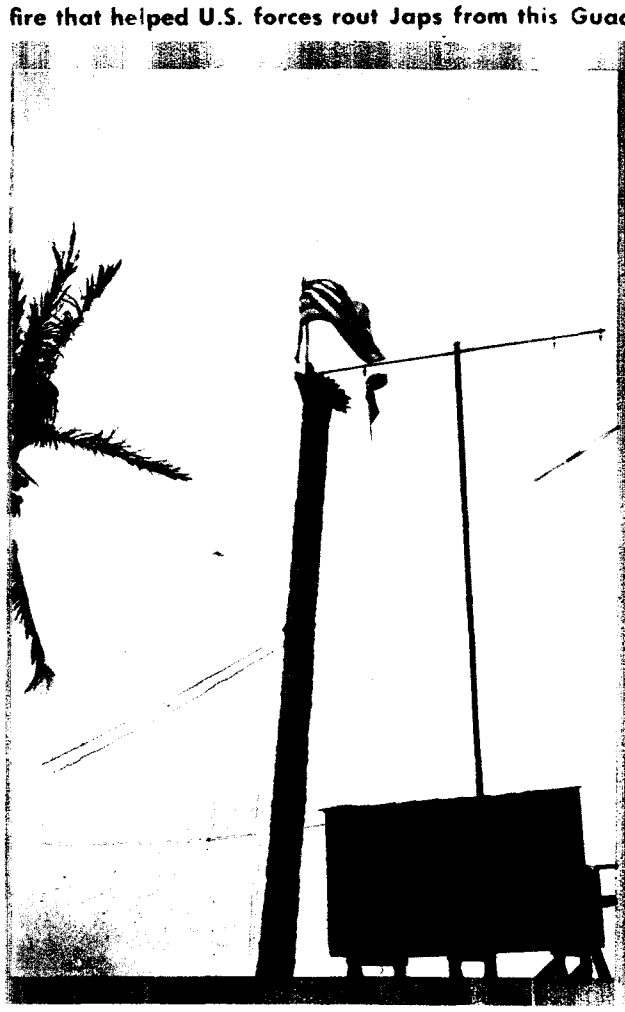
fire that helped U.S. forces rout Japs from this Guadalcanal battlefield.

Sailor joins gabfest of Sgts. Vaughn and Melton (right)

Airacobras ready to leave with fragmentation bombs.



Old Glory flies from what was once a palm tree.

Once a biscuit tin, now a wash basin

Army ground crew men take a break—near a fox hole.

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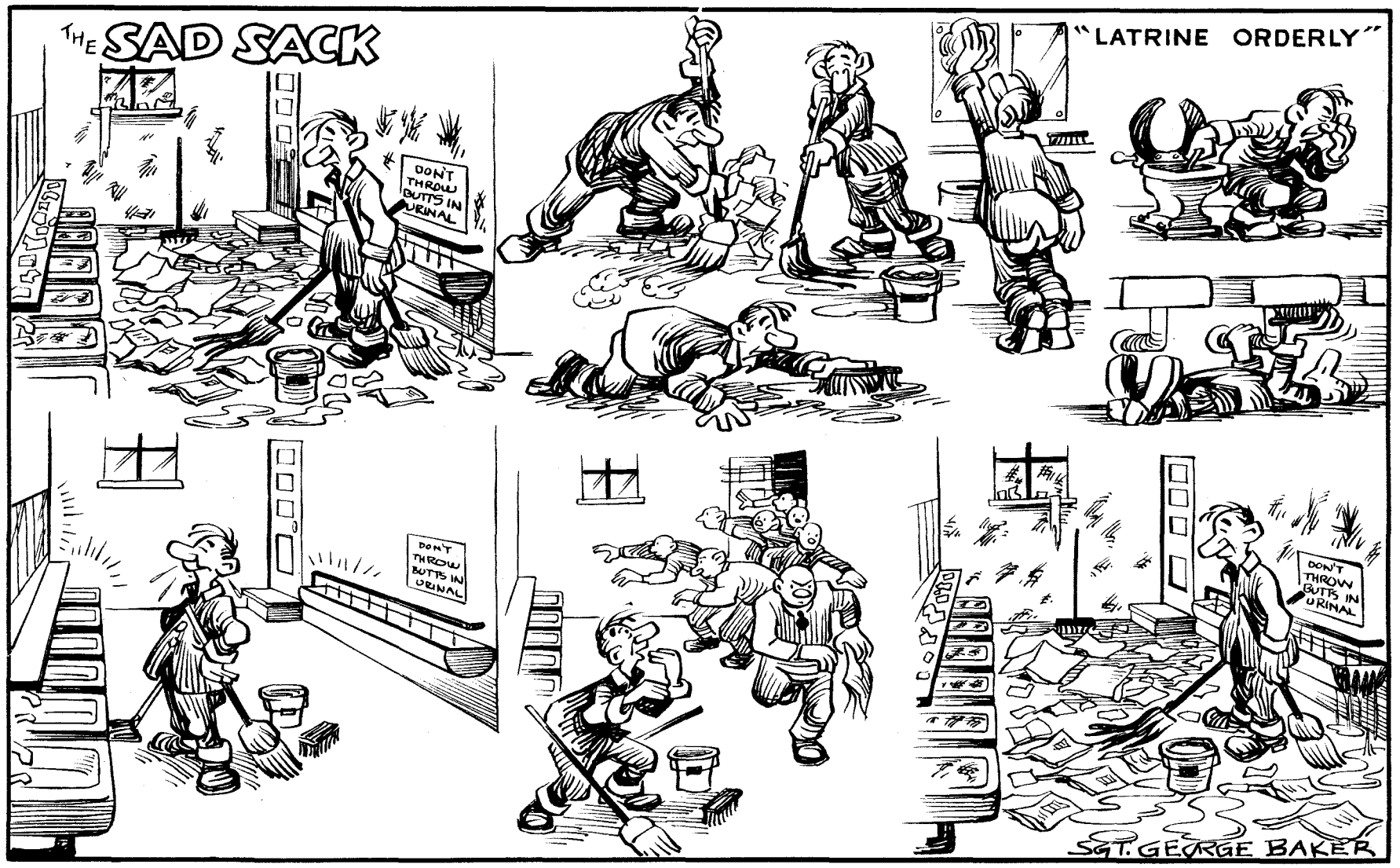


BETWEEN the LINES

WHEN LINES CLASH

Pvt. Clarence was a pencil pusher in headquarters who knew so much about red tape that he counted WD forms to put himself to sleep.

His pal, Hy, was a sharpshooter and so expert with the bayonet that he often disturbed Clarence's dreams by slashing up said forms.

"The clerk," said Clarence, "is the backbone of the Army."

"The line soldier," said Hy, "is the backbone of the Army."

"Phooey," said Clarence.

"Phooey," said Hy.

One day they met Sally, the PX peroxide.

"Under the provisions of AR XY-ABCDEFG300, amended by WD circular IOU," said Clarence, "I request a date."

"Approved," said Sally.

"Listen, baby, how about a little blitzkrieging with me?" said Hy.

"OK," said Sally.

So they both had dates with Sally. Clarence discussed forms, both kinds, and Hy discussed war tactics.

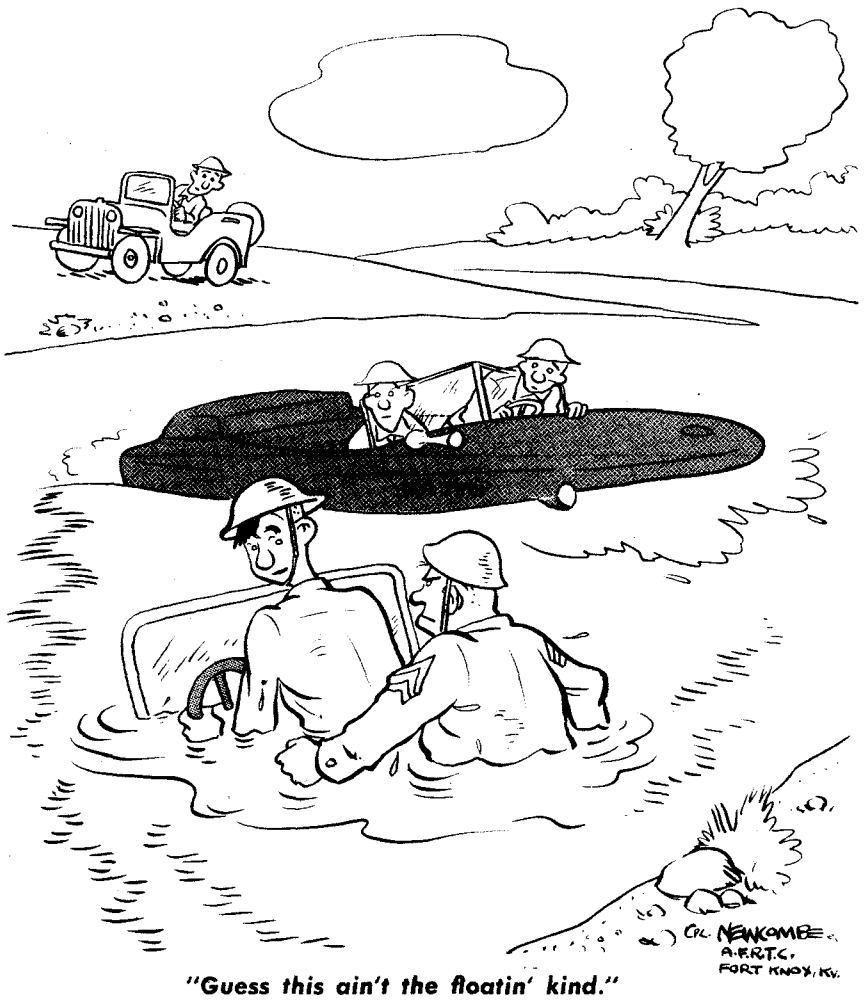
Both received black eyes.

"My line failed," said Clarence.

"Mine, too," said Hy.

"Maybe we ought to switch next time," said Clarence.

"Hey, gang—they're MPs."



"Guess this ain't the floatin' kind."

"Could be," said Hy.

So on their next dates Clarence tried blitzkrieg methods, and Hy form methods.

Their other eyes were blackened.

"Can't understand Sally," said Clarence.

"Me neither," said Hy.

"But I think I'll try again," said Clarence.

"Me too," said Hy.

So Clarence took Sally out, and this time, without telling anything to Hy, he used strictly orthodox lines. No blitzkrieging, no forms.

And Hy took Sally out and he, too, without telling Clarence, was strictly orthodox.

Both got good-night kisses.

"The clerk," said Clarence, "is the backbone of the Army."

"The line soldier," said Hy, "is the backbone of the Army."

"Phooey," said Clarence.

"Phooey," said Hy.

—Pvt. BILL SALTZMAN
Fort Lewis, Wash.

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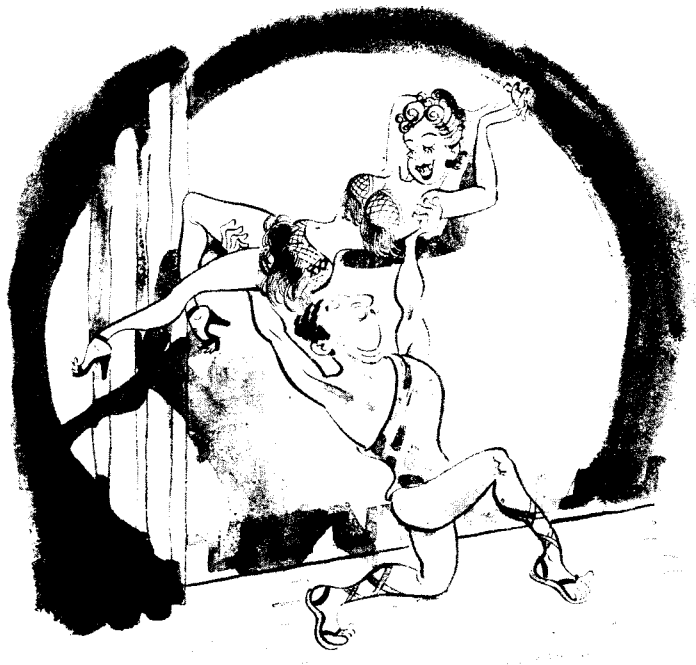
"We Did It Before—"

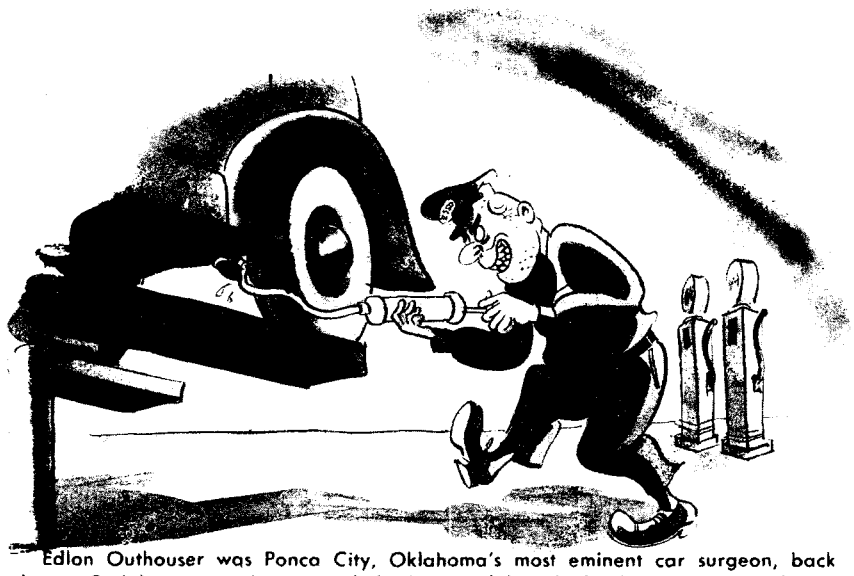
Classification charts drawn by Sgt. RALPH STEIN. Personnel records filed by Sgt. FRANK BRANDT

A few case histories from the classification department, which supplies all the cogs that make our Army the smooth running machine it is. Talents weighed while you wait.



Sancho Feinbeck (the team of Sancho and Yvonne) was a slick article from Cleveland who tossed a mean body around. Till Sancho mastered his routine, the breakage rate in partners was pretty high but he just chalked it up to experience. The present Yvonne had been his partner for three days with nothing worse than a dislocated shoulder. Then came Der Tag for Sancho.

Behold the happy ending—the Army's greatest triumph in logistics. Here is the right man, in the right place, at the right time. Sancho is now master of ceremonies on the battalion garbage truck and a better wet garbage slinger is not to be found in the whole United Nations. Note the finesse with which he lifts the fragrant container. Here's to many encores for Sancho and his new partner.



Edlon Outhouser was Ponca City, Oklahoma's most eminent car surgeon, back when a 2nd looey was just some kid who owed him $6.85 for a piston and ring job. Maggie's drawers didn't bother our Edlon because he never missed a grease cup or bearing in his whole career. He hummed then, because he predicted big things for himself, with maybe an M-4 or even a Flying Fortress for his own personal squirting ground.

Came the dawn, the draft, the disillusionment. The classification department rolled on the floor when Edlon suggested he might be a mechanic. "Hell," said the CD, "we know where your talents are really needed, and you can use your squirt gun too!" They farmed him out to the Medics where he shoots the GIs full of arm stiffener but his heart's not in it. As Edlon puts it, "give me a grease cup to a bicep every time!"

Hurry, hurry, hurry and meet Aloysius McSnoogle, the come-on with the persuasive sandpaper voice. His job is not only to watch life go by but to influence some of it to dance with not one but 75 beautiful madams. One flick of them imperative fingers and he gets the joint jumpin' for only the tenth part of a dollah.

Aloysius still pa[illegible] in but this time it's all for free. "Sign your name now and avoid the rush, a continuous performance at all times." Of course he's changed the spiel a bit in spots but occasionally his eyes glaze and he rasps out, "Step right in men, you have a date with 75 beautiful—er—uniforms."

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CURRENT EVENTS QUIZ

By Sgt. IRVING L. FIELD

Each right answer counts five points. 60 is passing; 70, fair; 80, good; 90 or more, excellent.

1. Which of the following generals led the famous Flying Tigers? (a) Claire Chennault (b) Mark W. Clark (c) Jonathan Wainwright (d) James Doolittle.
2. Name the former King of Rumania, now in exile in Mexico (a) Peter (b) Carol (c) George (d) Otto.
3. Our pre-war ambassador to Japan was (a) Robert Patterson (b) Joseph Eastman (c) John G. Winant (d) Joseph C. Grew.
4. Flying from Stalingrad to Paris you would have to travel (a) north (b) south (c) east (d) west.
5. Our M4 tank is known to the British as (a) Gen. Sherman (b) Gen. Grant (c) Gen. Lee (d) Gen. Delivery.
6. Siam is presently occupied by the armed forces of (a) Fighting French (b) Japan (c) England (d) United States.
7. Which of the following is true regarding Gen. Thomas Holcomb? (a) Built Alaskan Highway (b) Prisoner of Japan (c) Commands U. S. Marines (d) Discovered Shangri-La.
8. How many full (four-star) generals do we have in the U. S. Army? (a) 1 (b) 2 (c) 7 (d) 19.
9. A member of the British Royal family was recently killed in an RAF crash. Name him (a) Duke of York (b) Duke of Windsor (c) Duke of Kent (d) Duke of Marlborough.
10. The Island of Sardinia is located in the (a) Bay of Biscay (b) Sea of Azov (c) Mediterranean Sea (d) Coral Sea.
11. With which of these do you associate Gen. Carl Spaatz? (a) Tanks (b) Blimps (c) 155-mm howitzers (d) Airplanes.
12. One of the following British warplanes is not a bomber (a) Wellington (b) Lancaster (c) Halifax (d) Spitfire.
13. Name the President of Mexico (a) Camacho (b) Batista (c) Vargas (d) Castillo.
14. The principal airfield on Guadalcanal is called (a) Hickam Field (b) Henderson Field (c) Randolph Field (d) Irwin Field.
15. Name the chief of the German Gestapo (a) Himmler (b) Halder (c) Goering (d) Kesselring.
16. The commander-in-chief of the U. S. Pacific Fleet is (a) Adm. Ghormly (b) Adm. McIntire (c) Adm. Halsey (d) Adm. Nimitz.
17. Where are you most likely to find President Ismet Inonu? (a) Turkey (b) Persia (c) Portugal (d) Bolivia.
18. The Island of Kiska is located in the (a) Aleutian Is. (b) Solomon Is. (c) Marshall Is. (d) New Caledonia Is.
19. Name the general commanding the Fighting French (a) Henri Giraud (b) Gustave Gamelin (c) Maxime Weygand (d) Charles De Gaulle.
20. Name the Premier of the Sons of ---- Heaven. (a) Tojo (b) Togo (c) Nomura (d) Yamamoto.

(Answers on Page 21)

"DARLING, YOU ACT LIKE YOU WOULD RATHER PLEASE THE SERGEANT THAN YOU WOULD ME."

"LOOK, FROM THE WIFE."

CAMOUFLAGE

Ten geographical names are camouflaged below. Some of them are cities, some countries, all are very much in the news nowadays, so they shouldn't be hard to recognize.

In case you don't know how the game of camouflage goes, here's a working example: The name EGYPT is camouflaged in this sentence: "How can he gyp the sergeant who trusts him so?"

Now knock off the others:

1. Axis cities are being subjected to an almost continual terrific air onslaught.
2. The Russians launch surprise attacks by stealing across frozen lakes; a gala skating carnival that never was on Hitler's social schedule.
3. On my first solo, monstrous things began to happen with the plane.
4. On one thing we all agree, ceiling prices are necessary to control inflation.
5. One wiseacre tells another, and in no time the enemy knows.
6. All Americans have fallen in gradually with the idea that the old, easy-going attitude cannot exist today.
7. With the radio silenced we couldn't tell whether we were directly on, or way off our course.
8. Would it befit a lynx to snarl at a lion?
9. One finds no time to loaf in landing operations.
10. He is the man I last saw climbing into the cockpit.

(Solution on page 21)

Swing IN WARTIME

HARRY JAMES and his sultry trumpet, taken together, constitute the biggest news in musical America since the organist at Ebbets' Field began using "Three Blind Mice" as a theme song for the daily entrance of the umpires.

If this young man with a horn hasn't as yet been the subject of a Gallup poll, it's only because no house-to-house canvass is needed to establish the presence of a tornado, and today, in the realm of hot jazz, Harry is just that — a tornado of jumpin' jive. And wherever he blows, brother, the house comes down.

A corporal from New Jersey by the name of Winsocki, who describes himself as "a gate with a pate who knows a rock from a sock," contributes what is probably a typical G. I. reaction to Harry's ingenious melodic meanderings. "It's funny," he writes, "but when that guy makes with the riffs, my backbone feels like there was a thousand needles tipped with peppermint stickin' in it."

"His jive," Cpl. Winsocki concludes, "is clean-cut, out of this world, and hot. What's more, you don't need a spade to dig it."

Harry and his band are now bivouacked in Hollywood where they are supplying the rhythm for a moving picture to be called "Best Foot Forward." He is still heard three times a week on the air in the spot formerly occupied by Capt. Glenn Miller.

James, who started the current trend toward big bands, is now using 24 pieces: 4 rhythm, 5 fiddles, 2 violas, 1 cello, 5 reeds, 3 trombones, and 3 trumpets. Harry shares the solo spots with Corky Corcoran, a spirited gentleman who boots a tenor sax with authority and abandon. Vocals are mostly entrusted to Helen Forrest, who sings so well she could make a c-major scale sound like a Tschaikowsky melody.

Swing Notes: Raymond Scott, who made himself famous with a small band, then played himself back into obscurity with a big band, is now back at CBS with a small band. Scott, who gives all his compositions Section 8 titles ("Dinner Music for a Pack of Hungry Cannibals"), is rumored to be at work on a new ditty, tentatively tagged "Sand Fleas on Bear Bottom." . . . Hot jazz honors to Jimmy Dorsey's recording of "Murderistic," a withering barrage of riffs in sock tempo, with Jimmy's alto sniping from practically every bar in the score. . . . Duke Ellington is in New York preparing for a Carnegie Hall concert Jan. 23. He's composed a new tone poem for the occasion, "Black, Brown and Beige," the ms. of which will go to Yale University's Department of Negro Arts and Letters. . . . Pvt. Bennie Benjemen's "When The Lights Go On Again" is bucking hard for a No. 1 rating on the hit parade.

★ GENERAL MIXUP ★

Maybe your home State is among the list of 10 below. If so, you may have a little trouble finding it. You see, we sort of scrambled up the letters of each State. *For example:* FOR A LID is a jumbled spelling of FLORIDA. Now see if you can dope out the 10 States of the Union that are listed here.

1. NOMINATES .....
2. I NAME .....
3. GO, NERO! .....
4. WE MIX CONE .....
5. PARISH MEN NEW .....
6. SEEN TEENS .....
7. BASK NEAR .....
8. COOL ROAD .....
9. I'D LAND HORSE .....
10. TO A HARD KNOT .....

(Solution on page 21.)

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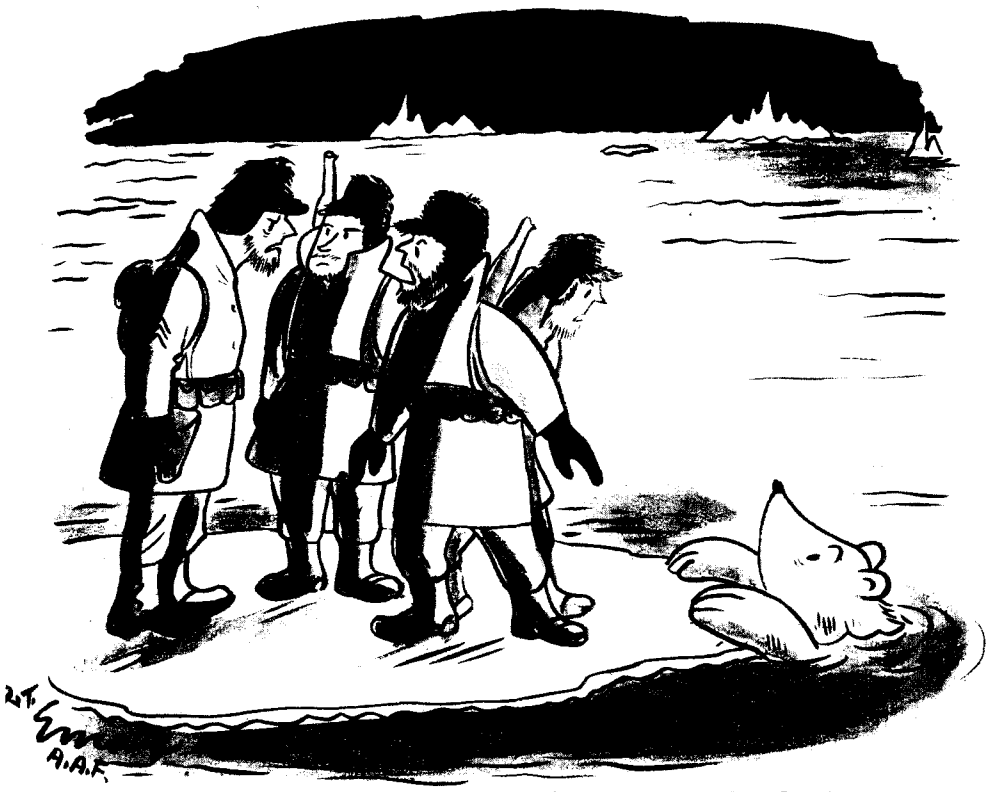
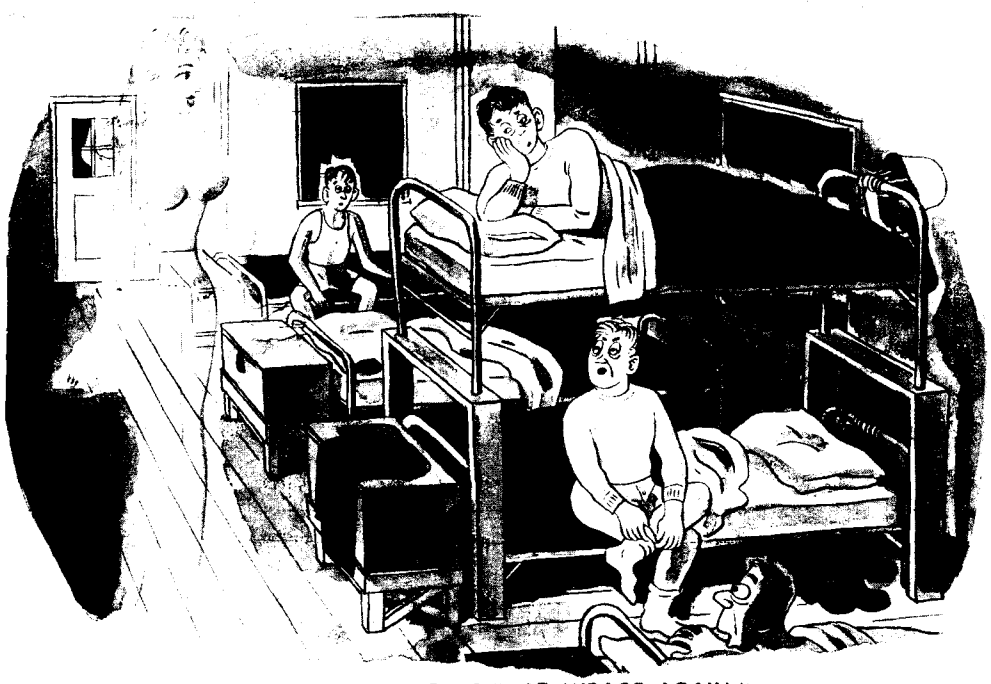


"AW, SERGEANT, HE'S COLD, LET HIM GET ON."

"TO HELL WITH THE COMPARISON—LET'S SMOKE THEM."



"THERE'S THAT MIRAGE AGAIN."

"HE USED TO BE A PURSUIT PILOT."

COMPANY STREET

An edition of the *Cannoneer's Post* at Camp Roberts, Calif., was sprayed with Ann Sheridan's favorite perfume—just to give the boys a thrill. . . . Hell entered **Fort Sheridan,** Ill., and brought along a Sinner named John. Hell's first name is James, and he and Sinner are both privates. Fort Sheridan's records also show Pvts. Bath, Nazi and Bark. . . . When Yee Joe, Pittsburgh laundry worker, is inducted into the Army, his pedigreed chow, Bosco, goes into Dogs for Defense. . . . At **Fort Des Moines,** Ia., Pvt. William L. Smith, of Philadelphia, showed WAAC Auxiliary Easter I. Welch, of Indianapolis, the mysteries of kitchen police; now they are Mr. and Mrs. . . . A group of U. of California girls at Berkeley threw a party for servicemen and decorated the room with shrubbery. Next day, they all started scratching. Yep, poison oak.

When a first sergeant in the 77th Division at **Fort Jackson,** S. C., was taken ill with influenza while on furlough, he sent a telegram which, when delivered to his CO, read as follows: UNABLE TO RETURN TO DUTY SICK IN BED WITH FLO. . . . At **Fort Lewis,** Wash., the newest member of the MP Battalion is Pvt. Sherlock Holmes. . . . At an East Coast embarkation point, a husky Negro corporal sat on his barracks bag looking out at the ocean, and remarked: "Boy, this ain't no dry run." . . . Men on night maneuvers at Colorado Springs, Colo., crouched with fixed bayonets when suddenly a dark form moved toward them. Cpl. Floyd Kephart lunged with his rifle and a flashlight disclosed he had bayoneted a deer. . . . Pvt. C. E. Small, former instructor of chemistry and mathematics at Worcester (Mass.) Academy, found himself "sirring" four ex-students who are now officers at **Fort Devens,** Mass. . . . Maj. A. M. Bitzer, commandant of the Aviation Cadet Detachment at the 8th Base Hq. and Air Base Sq., tells of a recruit who approached Maj. Bitzer's adjutant, saluted and said: "Sir, may I have permission to speak with the first sergeant?"

On an American troop convoy to England, it is reported, a doughboy won more than $1,000 in crap games the first two nights at sea. Then he paid two soldiers $5 a day to guard him; their duty—to keep losers from pestering him to shoot more dice. . . . A frequent visitor to the USO Club in Kansas City, Mo., is Sgt. E. Poerwono Kartokoemohardjo of Java. . . . Maybe Millie ought to know that her soldier boy friend has lost the identification bracelet she gave him. The bracelet, found on a motor-maintenance shop floor at **Fort Warren,** Va., carried this inscription: "Hands off, this guy belongs to me—Millie."

GOOD HUNTIN'

When Pvt. Nimrod (sorry, we can't reveal where he was stationed) got his furlough he decided to spend the time hunting for four-legged animals.

It took him many days to find a place he liked, but having arrived there he set up camp immediately. An hour later he was out bear-hunting. Leaving camp, he walked 10 miles due south, then 10 miles due west. Here he shot a bear. Then he proceeded (don't ask us how) to get the dead bear back to camp, a distance of exactly 10 miles.

What color was the bear?

(Solution on page 21.)

MESSAGE CENTER

Cpl. William F. Sovey, 401st Signal Co., APO 638, Postmaster, N. Y., wants to find two old friends, **Leo Ganci** and **Melvin Tupper.** Will readers tip them off, please? . . . **Pvt. Donald M. Wheatley,** APO 1227, c/o Postmaster, N. Y., would like to hear from fellows who trained with him in the 29th Air Base Sqdn. Recruit Detachment—Vermonters especially. . . . **Pvt. Abbot E. Allschwang,** of USAAB, Presque Isle, Me., has important news for **Jack Abelow,** stationed somewhere in India. . . . **Cpl. Reeves Perry,** APO 932, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, wants some news from **Joseph D. Conerly,** a former member of the 24th Inf. who attended the radio operators' course at Fort Benning, Ga., last April. . . . **Cpl. James Gresham,** Hd. Bat., 102 FA Bn., Atlantic Beach, Fla., joined up three years ago with **Paul Baker,** who, when last heard from, was a cook at Randolph Field, Tex. Gresham would like to renew the acquaintance. . . . **T/Sgt. C. J. Wickett** asks friends who went to Panama and Trinidad to write him to 2nd Tow Target Sq., Mitchel Field, N. Y.

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THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

A PRAYER TO ST. BARBARA

Please, St. Barbara,
If you can,
Make me again
An Artillery Man.

Make me a guy
Who eats greasy chow,
Who pushes around
The end of a How.

Put me on a hill
And I'll be the dope
Who squints all day
Through the end of a 'scope.

Let me ride in the rain,
Let me ride in the dark,
And I'll not complain;
Just let the guns bark.

Let me hear once again
As I wade in the dew,
"Cease fire! Close station!
March order! We're through."

At any rate
Let me be
Anything else
But a —— —— MP.

—1st Lt. ELLSWORTH A. WARNER

Fort Du Pont, Del.

LET'S GO BUY NOW

They may not be beauties
Or neatly curved cuties,
But in the PX
The salesgirls are kind of
Good just to remind of
The opposite sex.

—Lt. RICHARD ARMOUR

Anticraft Artillery

THANK GOD WE DON'T NEED YOUR SON

You say your son can't stand the Army
And that the going is too tough for him.
Do you think he is any better
Than some other mother's Tom or Tim?

You raised your son like a girl;
"He never smokes or drinks" is your brag.
Well, if all our boys were like that
What do you think would become of our flag?

You say let the roughnecks do the fighting;
They are used to the beans and the stew.
Well I'm glad to be classed with the roughnecks
Who would fight for the Red, White and Blue.

You said his girl just couldn't stand it
To send him away with the rest.
Do you think for a minute she'd enjoy
To feel a Jap's breath on her breast?

We go to drill in bad weather
And come in with a smile on our face,
While your darling son sits in the parlor
And lets another man fight in his place.

Maybe we do drink, smoke and gamble,
But we fight as our forefathers did,
So go warm the milk for his bottle,
Thank God we don't need your kid.

—Pvt. STANLEY SHECKMAN

Fort George Wright, Wash.

GUARD DUTY

If night time's draped in darkness and
There's not a trace of light,
Or be it clear and brilliant with
A full moon shining bright;
If ev'rything is going wrong
Or ev'ry thing's all right,
A man ne'er feels quite so alone
As when on guard at night.

All living things have gone to sleep
And all the world is dead;
I lift my eyes and gaze above,
He, too, it seems, has fled;
It seems that I'm the only soul
Within Creator's sight.
A man ne'er feels quite so alone
As when on guard at night.

I pull my great coat tighter and
It shields me from the air,
But chill of loneliness will bite
No matter what you wear;
When morning comes and sun appears,
Once more the earth is bright,
As God looks down, and moves aside
The loneliness of night.

—Cpl. JOHN READEY

Camp Stoneman, Calif.

TO A CENSOR

Out here in the tropics
There aren't many topics
Concerning which a soldier may expound,
For the censor military
Is a fellow very wary
Who chases every rumor to the ground.

He's a master at omission
When he swings into position
And there aren't many statements he condones.
No use to howl at his derangement
If he ruins your thought arrangement
As he adds a couple phrases of his own.

At expunging he's proficient
And his judgment is omniscient
As he runs his beady orbs across the script;
From your gossip and your gaff
He takes the wheat out from the chaff
And leaves your finished letter neatly clipped.

Just a hint of army ration
Will set his teeth to gnashin'
As he snips it out with hot and bated breath;
And a bit of soldier's data
Is bound to be *non grata*,
And is sure to meet a fate that's worse than death.

And though it may be all fair weather
When good fellows get together,
You can't transmit the fact to kith and kin;
For though it's only now and then, sir,
If you sneak it past the censor,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din.

—Pvt. HERB KRAUS

Hawaii

Mail Call

Dear YANK:

Your recent article [YANK, Dec. 2] saying there are no more s/sgt. pilots has been causing very much embarrassment, the reason being that people who have read the article believe it and not us. I, as well as 14 other s/sgt. pilots, still happen to be only enlisted pilots and, according to our commanding officers, so shall remain. 'Tis true a few of the more fortunate have been promised—but what are promises?

—S/Sgt. F. N. DELASHMUTT

Love Field, Dallas, Tex.

Dear YANK:

Boy, was I burned up after I finished the article in your Dec. 2 issue concerning the sergeant pilots. Where, may I ask, did you get your information? It is true that the last class of aviation students graduated as flight officers, but what about the ones already out of school and in tactical units? It is pretty disheartening to see new pilots just out of school, with their wings still shiny, being made chief pilots while we are co-pilots just because we lack that little bar on our shoulder. Most of us have one or more hitches in the Army and some have been in battle already, but it doesn't seem to count for anything. Please make sure the next time you publish an article about us that it is the truth and not just a rumor.

—A SERGEANT PILOT

Dear YANK:

My husband, who is in the Air Force, brought home a copy of your Dec. 2 issue. On page 4 there is an article called, "He's a Flight Officer Now." The caption on the picture of F/O Jumonville attracted my attention, particularly the last two sentences: "Used to be a Flying Sergeant. There ain't no such animal any more."

If "there ain't no such animal any more" then I must be living with an illusion. To explain, my husband is known as S/Sgt. Pilot Eugene J. Wasserman of the 488th Bomb Sq. (M) AAF, stationed at this town. Beside him I know many others, who are friends of his, stationed here and at other fields. They are pilots of the type of ship depicted on the cover of the Dec. 2 issue.

Really, though, I wish to say, that I enjoy reading YANK, and wish you continued success.

—Mrs. ANITA WASSERMAN

Walterboro, S. C.

Dear Jerk—Er, YANK:

You published a beautiful fallacy that s/sgt. pilots "just ain't" in this man's army any more. Now, I think you had better start slickering with a more reliable G 2 agent. If your article is true, then you must be reading a letter written by a ghost. If this letter is written by a ghost, then the U.S. financial system has gone to hell, because this particular ghost is still receiving s/sgt. pilot's pay from the U. S. Army Air Force.

We are still dreaming of those pretty pink pants which you promised us permission to wear, and are wondering how many others are in the same "Sad Sack."

A. L. EVANS — B. L. BILBY
P. O. KAYLOR, S/Sgt. Pilots

Gila Bend, Ariz.

Dear YANK:

We feel it our duty to inform your correspondent who authored the article, "He's a Flight Officer Now," of the most garrulous mistake he has undoubtedly ever made in his illustrious career. We would like a retraction of the statement that "there ain't no such animal," as we definitely are rated as "such animals." We still perform the thorny duties and responsibilities of officer pilots and *do not* receive "the fruits" of an officer's rating.

We might add that we are affectionately known in our squadron as "The Flying Yardbirds," with the rank just below that of a pfc.

RONALD R. TEMPLIN — VIVIAN S. MATHIS
HAROLD C. DAILEY — STANLEY L. RITTER
JACK (NMI) LUBOR — ROY A. MILLER
DAMRON C. OWENS JR. — JOHN R. CROUCH
IVAN L. GORTON — PETER G. MEDONIS
LESLIE E. LANGE — STANLEY ALVORD

Laurinburg-Maxton Air Base, N. C.

The YANK:

O, yeah? Then what am I? I'm listed as a s/sgt. pilot and at the present time there are more than 50 s/sgt. pilots at the Fort Myers Flexible Gunnery School. If "there ain't no such animal," then what are we?

—S/Sgt. Pilot T. W. LAIRD

Fort Myers, Fla.

Our story was correct. As far as WD is concerned, the conversion's been made. If CO of your outfit is slow, put a burr under his tail—through channels, of course. Naturally it takes time to make the switch, so have some pity on the paper work department. It's merely a matter of time.

Dear YANK:

We read in your magazine about the man with the size 12 shoes, but we think that is a very common size. We have two men in our company that wear size 13½ EE, and their shoe packs have to be 15s so they can get in Arctic socks. These men are Cpl. John Lecknich and Cpl. Lenzen.

The article by Pfc. Janov about the Alcan Road is pretty good but sounds a little too smooth. If it is possible we would like for you to find out if Pfc. Janov ever saw the Alcan Highway.

—Sgt. TERKHORN
Pfc. KREUSLER

Alaska

Janov was there, all right. As for the big shoes, wait until you see the winner of our contest.

Dear YANK:

At the induction center I was asked if I wanted to join the parachute troops. At that time I thought I was going in some branch of the service where I would be able to ride a motorcycle, although my second choice was the parachute troops. To wind it all up they sent me to a medical regiment. I am very dissatisfied and don't believe I can do as much good for my country in the Medics as I can do in the parachute troops. I would like to know if there is any chance to get transferred to the parachute troops and what steps to take.

—Pvt. HENRY E. CAMPBELL

Camp Barkeley, Tex.

Have you tried applying for a transfer in the regular way?

Dear YANK:

Suggest you send a copy to Shicklegruber, Benito and Hirohito.

—GEORGE M. HALPERN S1c

USN

P.S. How about an article on the "seabees"?

Okay—we'll get our navy reporters on the job.

Dear YANK:

I would greatly appreciate if you would give me the ruling concerning the following phase of the poker game, "Five Card Draw." The situation is as follows:

The cards are dealt to four players. No. 1 man passes. No. 2 man also passes. No. 3 man opens. Nos. 4 and 1 call the bet but No. 2 man, who originally passed, now calls the bet but also raises it.

I would like to know if No. 2 man (according to rules) can raise the bet after originally passing. If possible, please quote the rule and your source of information.

—Pvt. BERNARD L. OGRON

Alaska

Eli Culbertson, who plays poker as well as bridge, says your No. 2 player was "sandbagging," which is perfectly good poker. Oswald Jacoby, noted poker player in his book "Poker, How to Play a Winning Game," describes sandbagging thus: "When a player merely checks or calls with a good hand in the hope that he will be able to raise later." Also on sandbagging, Jacoby says: "In the early stages of betting a player with a normal calling hand usually comes into the pot with no fuss whatever. However, a player with a good hand is going to consider raising and, before betting, is likely to cast a covert glance toward the players in back of him (on his left) to see if he can get any idea as to what they are going to do. If it looks to him as if two or three of them are going to call, he sandbags; if it looks as if they are all going to drop out, he raises. Accordingly, when I see this glance, even though the player merely calls, I am fairly sure that his hand is fully strong enough for a raise." Hoyle's rules also approve a call or raise by a player to the left of an opener provided he keeps the ante up.

YANK will have more to say about the arts of poker, blackjack and craps in future stories. Watch for them.—Ed.

If the G.I. who signs himself "Disgusted" from Fort Dix will write in and give his full name and address we'll give him the answer to his squawk.

To "High I. Q." from South Carolina: Sorry, but we don't think your contest idea is a good one. There are bound to be a lot of men who got perfect scores in an Army as big as ours.

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY
VOL. 1, NO. 32
JAN. 20, 1943
By the men . . for the men in the service

Message From a Peaceful Guy

"DON'T BE AROUND WHEN I COME THROUGH!" That's what I have to say to you, Hitler, and you, Tojo.

I'm a pretty peaceful guy. I liked dating my girl, drinking a couple of beers every day, having friendly arguments with my buddies over politics and sports, stating my opinion when I thought the government was wrong, going to my own church, working and saving for the day when I would get married.

I can't do any of those things now because one idiot figures he has a plan to rule the world, and because some slant-eyed rats, who have been casting covetous eyes at free nations, decide to try a little back-stabbing.

Yeah, I'm peaceful but I'm mad now, see! Just DON'T BE AROUND WHEN I COME THROUGH.

When a guy has an unpleasant job to do, he gets it done as quickly as he can. I don't hate anybody, but I'm afraid some of your people are gonna get hurt and a helluva lot of your underlings are gonna get knocked off.

Maybe, I'll get killed myself, and I'm certainly going to take care of a few of you first. But I think I'll live to see the day when every hope, every dream, every ambition you've ever had, Hitler and Tojo, will crumble before your very eyes.

No punishment could be horrible enough for either of you but you'll suffer. How you'll suffer. Not by physical torture, perhaps, but by the unbearable humiliation of watching your crazy little worlds come tumbling down. That's the torture for men like you, torture of your warped conceited minds.

For you and the men under you, Hitler and Tojo, DON'T BE AROUND WHEN I COME THROUGH. I might lose, momentarily, the kindness, love and brotherhood we inherit in America.

—Sgt. ALLAN KLEINWAKS
Hawaii

COVERING THE EARTH

STRICTLY G.I.

APO Figures

THE APO distributed more than 10,000 tons of Christmas packages to the men overseas last year—more than 2½ million individual holiday packages, or three times the volume of Christmas mail received by the doughboys in France for *both* Christmases of 1917 and 1918. Besides that 31,032,722 individual letters and cards were delivered in the first 15 days of December to soldiers overseas, 40 per cent by air.

Plastic Equipment

The Army has a substitute for rope. It's a plastic that is strong, fireproof and doesn't chafe like ordinary rope. The only hitch is that it's slippery. Other miracles to save metal are a plastic bugle and a plastic canteen so strong you can jump on it.

Chow Hound Notice

Latest dehydrated food going overseas is rice pudding. In concentrated form the pudding consists of pre-cooked rice, processed raisins, sugar, salt, spices and vanilla flavoring. All the belly-robbers have to do is add water and cook. It makes a swell dessert, they say, if you like rice pudding.

Maneuver Schedule

If it is of interest to any one, maneuvers for the coming year are now lined up. A corps of the Third Army will start battle problems in Louisiana Feb. 1 and a corps of the Second Army will hold maneuvers in Tennessee late in April.

Wrong Address

Chaplains complain that cards they send to soldiers' parents informing them of their son's arrival in camp sometimes rebound unexpectedly. One soldier listed his wife under "parents" and the irate lady wrote back, "Sir, I'll have you understand I am not Private Blank's mother; I've been married to him now for almost a year." Then there was the wife who hadn't heard from her husband in several years. She received her card and wrote, "Thank you very much for telling me the b——d's location. I'm coming down."

Words and Music

If there's a dogface in your outfit crooning poems you read in YANK (and he sings on key), you can thank the Special Service Office, Second Service Command, for the added entertainment. They've taken 10 verses from "Poet's Cornered" and made up a song book, which is now being sent out. We'll print the music of No. 1 on this OD Hit Parade in a future issue.

Any Suggestions?

Even the lowest yardbird has a chance to make some changes in the Army—if his ideas are really good. The War Department is open to suggestions concerning new techniques, weapons, military doctrine and organization, and invites ideas and comment from both officers and enlisted men. If suggestions are good enough they will be forwarded through channels to the proper commanding generals.

Items That Require No Editorial Comment

Love and the Reich

The tender blossom of true love is having its fertilizer rationed by Der Führer. In a recent editorial *Schwartze Korps*, house organ of the SS Elite Guard, tore into those fraüleins who hesitate to enter quickie marriages with German soldiers. People in Germany, sighed the *Schwartze Corps*, "used to marry because they were in love, but they didn't know any better in those days." They know better now.

Mighty Fortress

The Royal Norwegian Information Service reports that congregations in Norway's churches are now forbidden to sing Luther's famous hymn, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God." The stanza which the Nazis particularly didn't like goes something like this:

"And were the world with devils filled,
All watching to devour us,
Our souls to fear we would not yield;
They cannot overpower us.
Their dreaded prince no more
Can harm us as of yore;
His rage we can endure,
For, lo! His doom is sure,
A world shall overthrow him."

Company Manners

Japanese sailors, floating on rafts after a recent battle in the Solomons, gave a demonstration in politeness to the crew of an American destroyer who offered to rescue them. They declined the offers with a simple, wistful explanation: "Togo say no."

Verbs (Lesson Four)

Der Führer has stopped declining the verb "to win" in his New Year broadcasts to the lambs of his flock. The BBC points out that since 1940, Adolf has gone on record like this:

1940: "We have won."
1941: "We shall win."
1942: "We must win."

This year's broadcast, though, might have been directed at the tired Nazi super-soldiers retreating through Russia and North Africa. Said Der Führer:

"We shall not capitulate."

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Pictures: Cover, Capt. Homer Freeman. 2, Sgt. Georg Meyers. 3, Meyers. 6, left, U. S. Sig. Corps; right, PA. 8, YANK Staff. 9, Fort Sill PRO. 10, INP. 11, PA. 12 and 13, Freeman. 21, Sgt. Bob Ghio. 23, left, WW; right, Acme; center, PA. 24, Warner Bros.

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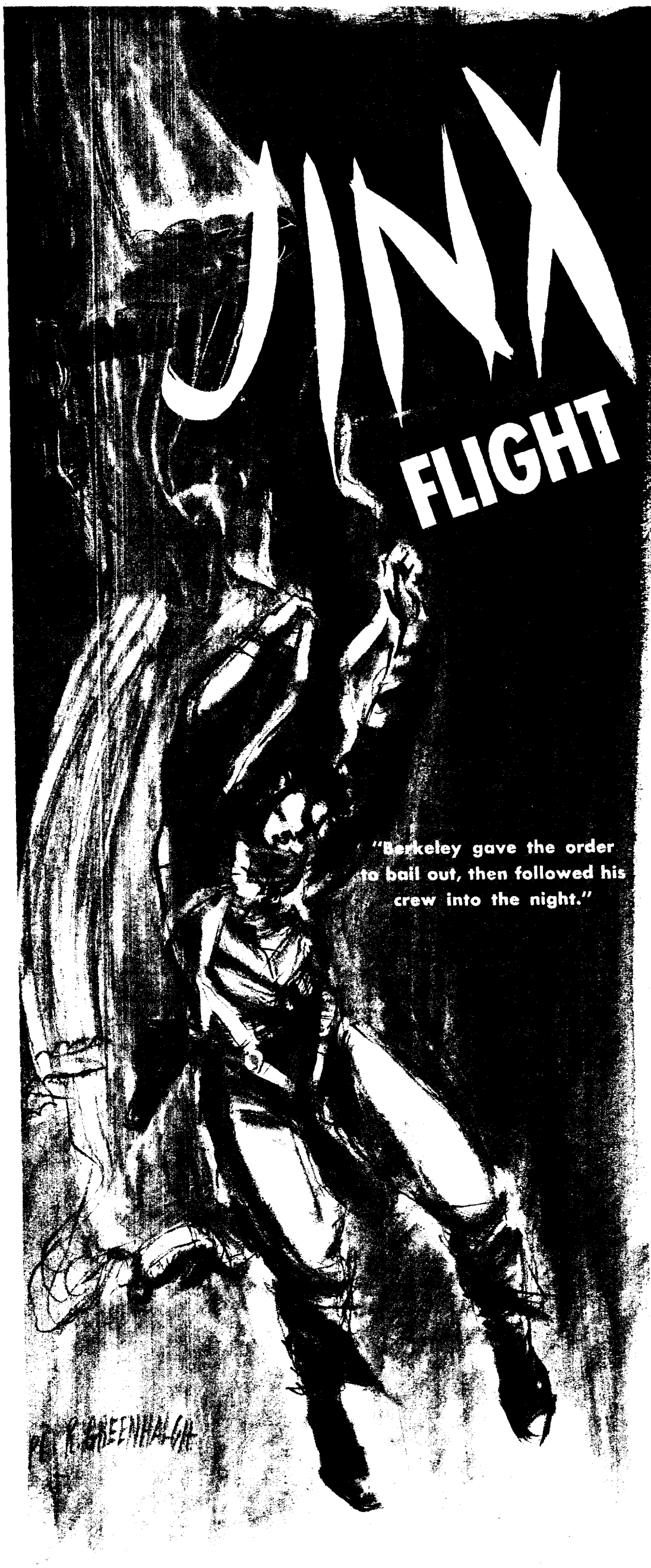
JINX FLIGHT



"Berkeley gave the order to bail out, then followed his crew into the night."

Nine Men Played Peek-a-Boo With Death Over Rangoon—And Lived to Tell the Tale

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

AT A U. S. BOMBER BASE, INDIA—There are nine Yank airmen at this U.S. base who will give you odds they can make any nine-lived cat turn green with envy. They're members of a combat crew who played tag with borrowed time so often on a recent bombing mission that the law of averages is in grave danger of being repealed.

Here are the names of these nine guys with the charmed lives. Don't put a wooden *anna* on the line against them until you've read their story.

1st Lt. William R. Berkeley, 25, pilot, Cleveland, Ohio.

2nd Lt. Thomas L. Murphy, 22, co-pilot, of Shreveport, La.

1st Lt. Francis N. Thompson, 25, navigator,

M/Sgt. Howard C. Darby, 32, bombardier, Plattsburg, N. Y.

T/Sgt. William O. Frost, 25, engineer, Jaffrey, N. H.

S/Sgt. John E. Craigie, 25, radio operator, West Haven, Conn.

S/Sgt. Bernard L. Bennett, 23, tail gunner, Peru, Ind.

S/Sgt. Adolph R. Scolavino, 22, belly gunner, Providence, R. I.

Sgt. Edward M. Salley, 22, waist gunner, Houston, Tex.

This tale starts at Rangoon, where the boys were headed recently to drop a few explosive calling cards on the Japs. Fifteen minutes from the target area, a fire broke out down in the nose of the plane. A parachute placed too near the electric heater had caught fire, flooding the plane with smoke. Lt. Thompson's fire extinguisher quickly drenched the blaze and averted the first threat of disaster.

Then, right over the target, all four motors cut out. The plane dipped down toward the spitting Jap ack-ack guns, while Berkeley feverishly twisted the controls trying to get the motors back. He succeeded momentarily, only to have them conk off again. For seconds that seemed hours, the B-24 started losing altitude. Then the motors came on again and Berkeley leveled off.

After Darby had dropped his load of thousand-pounders, the B-24 headed for home. Berkeley and his crew stopped sweating then, bolstered up by the fact that they had weathered three threatened disasters. Other than a few frayed nerves, the only damage was the burned parachute. But what the hell, there was an extra chute anyway. A ground crew man had left one back in the cabin by mistake. It was the first time the B-24 had ever carried more than the usual nine chutes.

But the headaches were just beginning. The B-24 was still 100 miles at sea when its electrical system went out. So did the auxiliary. Shortly after, the batteries went, too. The ship had no electrical power at all. That meant no electric governor for the propellers which were fast approaching the red danger line on the RPM gauge. No means of putting out distress signals or radio identification. No landing lights.

Everything was dead except the vacumatic instruments. Only the flight indicator and the gyro compass were working. Murphy's flashlight, trained on the instrument panel, was the only light available for the pilot to watch his course.

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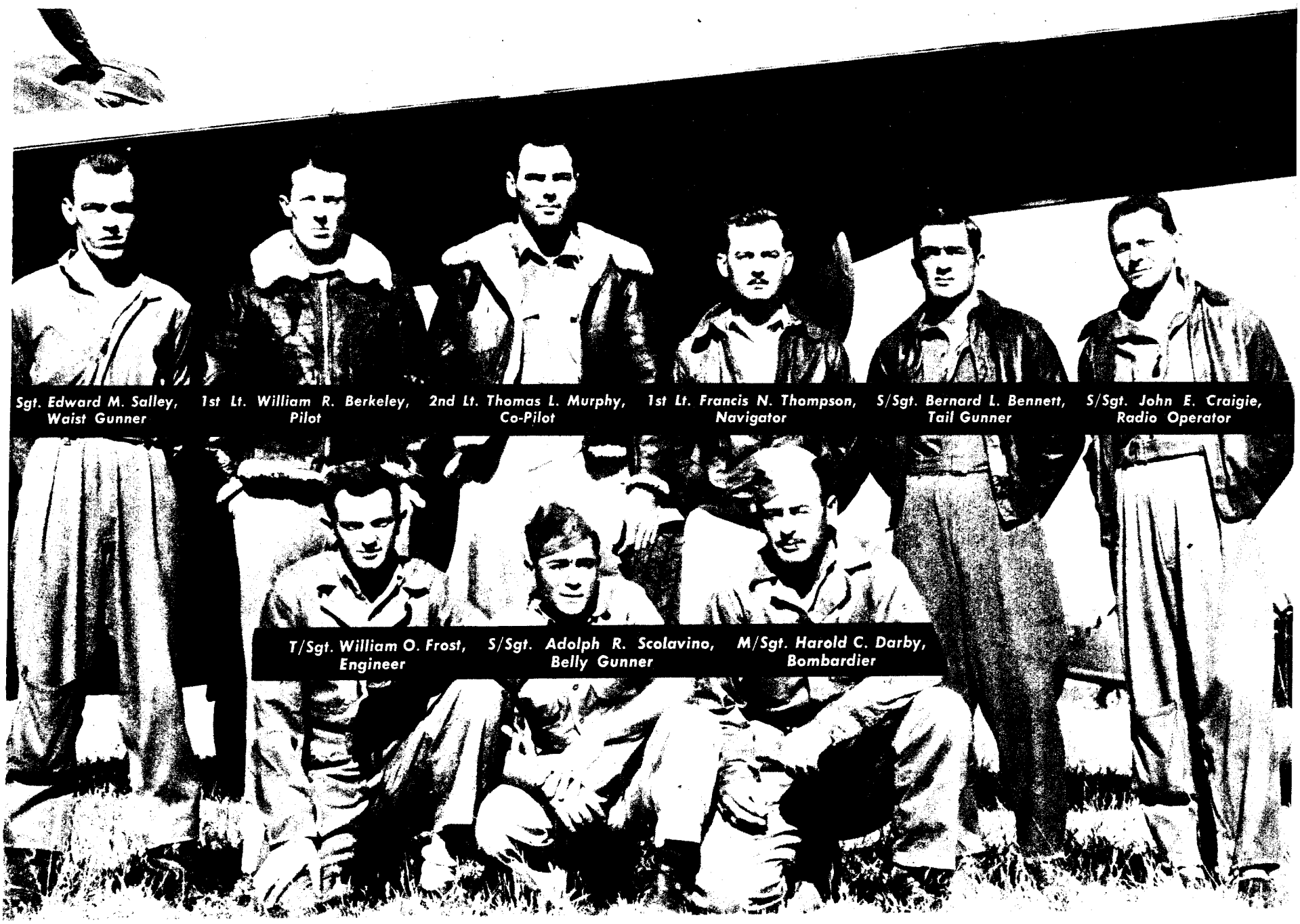

You have to have a charmed life to survive the accidents these men had. Everything that could happen to a bomber crew happened on this one flight.

Frost, the engineer, worked frantically trying to get the power back. But no soap. Only a tight-rope walker standing against a 170-mile-an-hour gale out on the wing tip could get at the source of the trouble. The electrical system was unrepairable in the air.

They were over land by now, but still without landing lights. Circling over a city, they were looking for an airfield when a British Hurricane fighter made a pass at them in the darkness. Unable to radio their identification, they had been spotted as an enemy bomber. Fortunately, the Hurricane pilot must have recognized the B-24 twin-tailed design. He didn't open fire on them.

The No. 3 engine was running away now. The finger on the RPM gauge was up to 3,300, far beyond the danger point and way too far beyond the normal 2,700 revolutions per minute. That No. 3 engine might fall off at any minute.

When it started to splinter, Berkeley gave the order to bail out. He cut off the main switches, to prevent explosions, then followed his crew into the night. His was the spare parachute.

The nine parachutes floated earthward through 7,000 feet of darkness. Seven of them swayed crazily, their riser lines unguided by the seven unconscious men strapped to their rubber seats. Only Darby and Scolavino saw the B-24, with its No. 3 engine falling to pieces, plunge past them. The others had been knocked out by the flailing buckles of their chest straps just seconds after they had pulled their ripcords. They hadn't had time to adjust them properly before jumping. When they hit the cool layer of air about 5,000 feet up, they came to.

Only the wind lapping against the billows of their flying canopies broke the silence of the night. They could control their riser lines now, but that didn't prevent the wind from carrying them apart. It would be every man for himself when they hit the ground.

Darby was better prepared than the rest; he had his .45 with him. Frost had jumped ready for action, too, carrying a tommy gun, 125 rounds of ammunition, a camera and a musette bag. But he hadn't figured on that strap buckle. When he recovered at 5,000 feet, he had nothing left in his hands but his flight cap. That had been on his head when he bailed out.

Darby, uninjured and armed, took his delayed descent in stride. He pulled a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket, lit up and settled back to enjoy his trip down to earth.

The others weren't so comfortable. Salley, with a gaping lip wound where two teeth had been driven through by the strap buckle, landed in a tree. Fortunately, he managed to shake his chute loose and fall to the ground without injury. Craigie, bleeding profusely from a broken cartilage in his nose, landed in a lake. He had to swim and wade through mud for nine hours before being rescued by an Indian boatman. Frost barely missed a tree, landing by pulling his legs up under him and tugging on the riser lines.

Some of the crew landed in rice paddies, others in swamps. All but Murphy, Darby and Craigie spent the night where they landed, sleeping on the ground with their parachutes as pillows. The co-pilot and bombardier reached Indian villages after walking several hours, and spent the night there. Craigie swam and walked until dawn. Ironically enough, he was the only one who heard the yells of any of his crewmates. He heard Bennett calling soon after they landed but couldn't call back because of his wound.

Some of them had to do a little improvising before being rescued. Lt. Berkeley lost a shoe coming down. He made a substitute by cutting off a piece of canvas from the back of his parachute and sewing it into slipper-form with a fish hook and fishing line from his jungle kit. Berkeley managed to wet his parched lips during the night by collecting a little dew on a waxed candy paper. Murphy went native and draped himself in a silk shawl while the villagers were drying his uniform.

When the sun came up, all nine of the crew started for a nearby Indian city by different routes. Some of them met along the line. Craigie and Salley ran into each other in a native village and boarded a train together. At the next station, Bennett got on. Scolavino and Lt. Thompson had caught an earlier train, at different stations, but the conductor put them in the same coach.

Frost met Darby along the river and got a boat to take them to the city. Lt. Berkeley was also making his way by boat when he was hailed by Lt. Murphy from a village along the river bank. He picked up his co-pilot and they, too, caught a train that took them to the city.

The entire crew met that night at a hotel in the city. And that's where their luck ran out, according to Salley.

"We stayed at that hotel eight days waiting for travel orders back to our base. But do you think we drew expenses? Like hell! We all had to pay our own hotel bills!"

Puzzle Solution

GOOD HUNTING

The bear was white. It was a polar bear; Pvt. Nimrod had camped right on the North Pole. The North Pole is the only place from which he could travel 10 miles due south, 10 miles due west, and find himself exactly 10 miles away from where he started.

CURRENT EVENTS QUIZ

1. Claire Chennault. 2. Carol. 3. Joseph C. Grew. 4. West. 5. Gen. Sherman. 6. Japan. 7. Commands U. S. Marines. 8. 2. 9. Duke of Kent. 10. Mediterranean Sea. 11. Airplanes. 12. Spitfire. 13. Camacho. 14. Henderson Field. 15. Himmler. 16. Adm. Nimitz. 17 Turkey. 18. Aleutian Is. 19. Charles De-Gaulle. 20. Tojo.

STRING TIME FOR HENRY

Yes, he takes the girl's string and slips a loop of it under the string which circles one of his wrists. Then he puts his hand through the loop, and—presto, he's free!

GENERAL MIXUP

1. Minnesota. 2. Maine. 3. Oregon. 4. New Mexico. 5. New Hampshire. 6. Tennessee. 7. Nebraska. 8. Colorado. 9. Rhode Island. 10. North Dakota.

CAMOUFLAGE

1. Cairo. 2. Alaska. 3. Solomons. 4. Greece. 5. Crete. 6. Leningrad. 7. Norway. 8. Italy. 9. Finland. 10. Manila.

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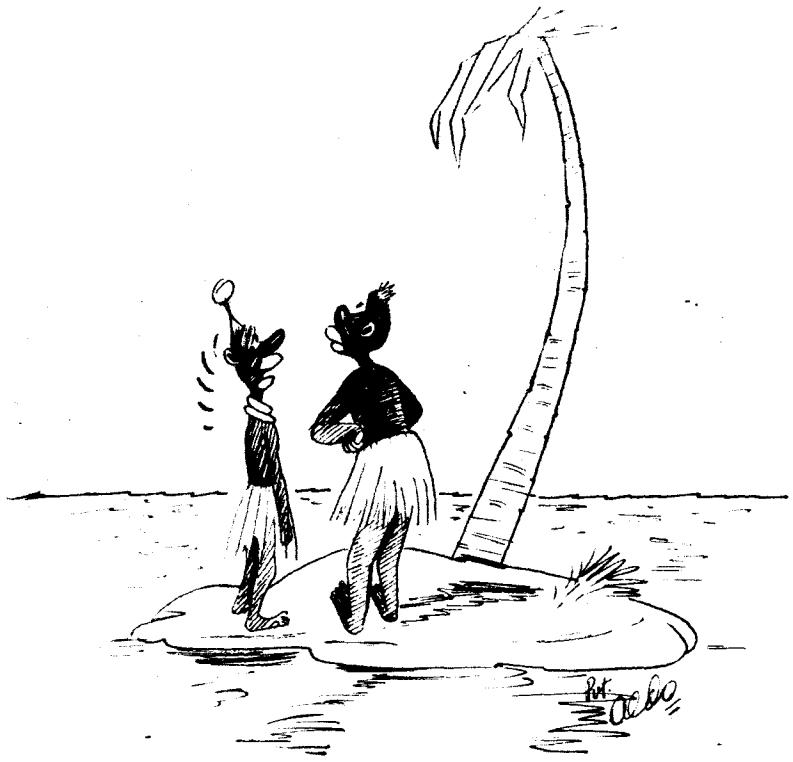
This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, U. S. A.

The Post Exchange

If your contribution misses the mark for any reason, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip that will inspire a more creative mood.



"I'm beginning to get worried. It isn't safe living on an island any more."
Jefferson Barracks, Mo. —Pfc. ALDO MARCUCCI

KANGAROO CORPS

I could find another way perhaps
To clean up all those lousy Japs.
Now I'm convinced the thing to do
Is to use the kangaroo.

This marsupial could be broke to saddle,
To carry soldiers into battle;
Then when he was trained to mind,
Could pull a light field piece behind.

The kangaroo knows how to box,
Could knock the Japs out of their sox.
Why not start a Kangaroo Corps
And very quickly win this war?

—Pvt. CONRAD ERICKSON
Roswell Internment Camp, N. Mex.

BACHELOR FOR DURATION

My buddies get all manner of
Sweet packages and notes of love,
Reminding them of hollyhocks
And how to wash and rinse their sox.
The girls they get their letters from
Are beautiful but never dumb;
Their crispy words between the lines
Don't read unlike a bride's designs;
They make me long to chew the fat
With some lone maiden in a flat;
Yet, truthfully, I'll stick to dates
And leave all weddings to my mates,
With romance and the grocer's bills
And Dr. Whoozis' liver pills.
Besides, I'll fight this battle first,
Before I take one unrehearsed.

—Pvt. JONAS CLIFTON
Army Air Base, Salina, Kans.

GUARD DUTY

Roughly speaking, a guard is a human being completely surrounded by mosquitoes. Guard duty and KP are the two most unpopular assignments in the entire Army. On one you knock yourself out wrestling pots and pans, and on the other you knock yourself out fighting insects.

There is nothing on earth as miserable-looking as a guard standing in a pouring rain protecting a large pile of discarded junk unless it's one who is on guard at a WAAC camp and is relieved from duty five minutes before the girls get up.

Most guards take their instructions to heart—yell halt three times and then fire. So far, 1,462 cows have been shot because they couldn't explain who they were, which probably accounts for the milk shortage.

Guards look forward to their day off, when they can go to town and forget it all. When they get to town they stand in one spot for hours and watch people walk by. When four hours have passed they nab a passing soldier and ask him to take over; then they return to camp.

When you see a fellow with a black eye or a bruised nose, who is just finishing a latrine orderly job, it's a sure sign he is a former guard who automatically presented arms with a mop to some officer.

Hawaii —Sgt. ALLAN KLEINWAKS

NO MORE KILLING

I wrote the following poem while on a bombing mission as radio-gunner on a Flying Fortress. In fact, it was inspired while on the final approach to the target.

Once upon a midnight dreary
When of killing I was weary
And had my mind made up to kill no more—
Suddenly there came a rapping
As of some machine gun tapping,
Tapping out a killer's rhythm on my floor.

This same chappie was a-wishin'
To gun me to submission;
Should I break my resolution
Or let him kill me so I will have to kill no more?
Oh, I'll kill him—just this once and never more.

So I aimed and pressed my trigger
And as near as I can figger
Got that Jerry right between the eyes;
And as he dies he murmurs,
"No more killing, never more."

As he falls toward the ground,
I quickly cast a glance around
And see another a-coming
And I'm looking down his bore.
That makes me sore.

So to hell with resolutions;
Bring on your revolutions,
And I'll keep killing by the score
Till they promise to bother us no more.
No more shooting, no more killing,
No, never. Never more.

—S/Sgt. J. D. THOMPSON
England

FINANCE PROBLEM

This pay roll here
Is not quite clear;
I'm really in a quandary.
This soldier's things
Came back in strings
And yet he owes for laundry.

He broke a dish
(While eating fish)
For which he owes a quarter.
He socked a sarge
(The fine is large),
Then wooed the sergeant's daughter.

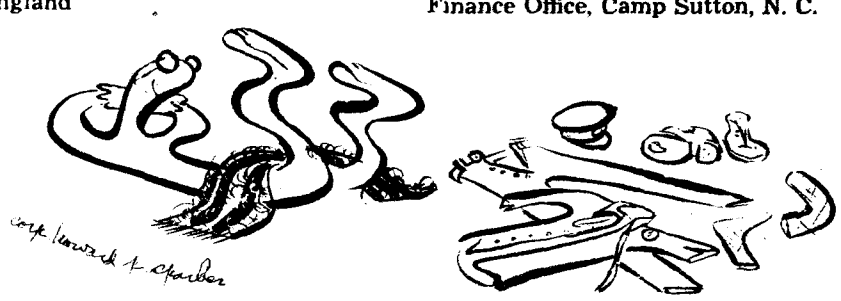
He slept too late
And over-ate
And wants another furlough.
The last, says he,
His wife to see,
But now to see his girl (Oh!)

He told his lieut
To go and scoot
And stop his silly prating.
His chevrons three
No more we'll see,
For now he's lost his rating.

He sneaked away,
But didn't say
Just where he was a-sneakin'.
And o'er the hill
He saw his Jill
A-walkin' with the deacon.

He shot the gink,
Got in the clink,
And then committed mayhem.
So, tell me, pray,
I've thought all day:
"Just how much shall we pay him?"

—Pfc. MARCEL S. KISTIN
Finance Office, Camp Sutton, N. C.



Miami Beach, Fla. —Cpl. HOWARD R. SPARBAR
"War is hell" or "Sunday at Miami Beach."

How to Pass Barracks Inspection

1—Cover mattress and pillow with thin layer of cement; when this hardens, place sheet over it, smoothing all wrinkles with a crowbar. Sheet should be heavily starched, and either screwed or pasted to mattress. Do the same for pillow case.

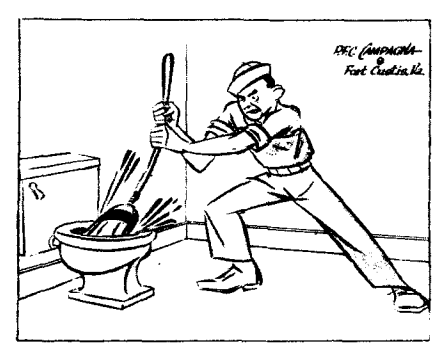
2—Making positive the US faces the aisle, stretch blanket tightly and put over sheet; be sure the blanket is without a wrinkle and the hospital corners are neat. Fold other blanket over pillow in approved manner. Using a two-ton truck, make small compact envelope roll out of comforter. When bed is absolutely perfect, cover blankets and comforter with heavy coat of shellac.

3—Polish shoes to a high glossy shine, then nail them to floor. After washing floor till it is white, give it a light coat of shellac. The windows, once cleaned till they are clear and sparkling, are covered with a thin layer of transparent nail polish. Windows must be locked and closed so tightly no dust can enter. The barracks doors are then locked with a secure bank-vault heavy time lock, which is set to open only once every seven days for Saturday inspection. If possible, guard should be placed in front of barracks. This is known as gig security.

4—Bivouac in company area for duration.*

*And six months thereafter.

—Pvt. LEN ZINBERG
Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio



"Dammit! Another detail like this and I'll enroll for OCS."
—Pfc. H. CAMPAGNA
Fort Custis, Va.

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SPORTS: COLORED PLAYERS MAY FIND THEIR WAY INTO THE MAJOR LEAGUES

By Sgt. Walter Bernstein

THE decision of most of the big league baseball teams to train in the North has re-awakened the controversy about admission of colored players to the leagues.

The subject had been more or less quiet, except for comment by the Negro press, until last Spring when Judge Kennesaw Mountain Landis declared

Satchel Paige (left) has been called the world's greatest by Dizzy Dean and Joe DiMaggio.

in an interview that there was no law, written or unwritten, that forbade the employment of colored players by any teams in any league. The subject picked up a great deal of speed after we entered the war, when proponents of the idea pointed out that the kind of discrimination practiced by our so-called national pastime was not particularly consistent with the ideals for which we were fighting.

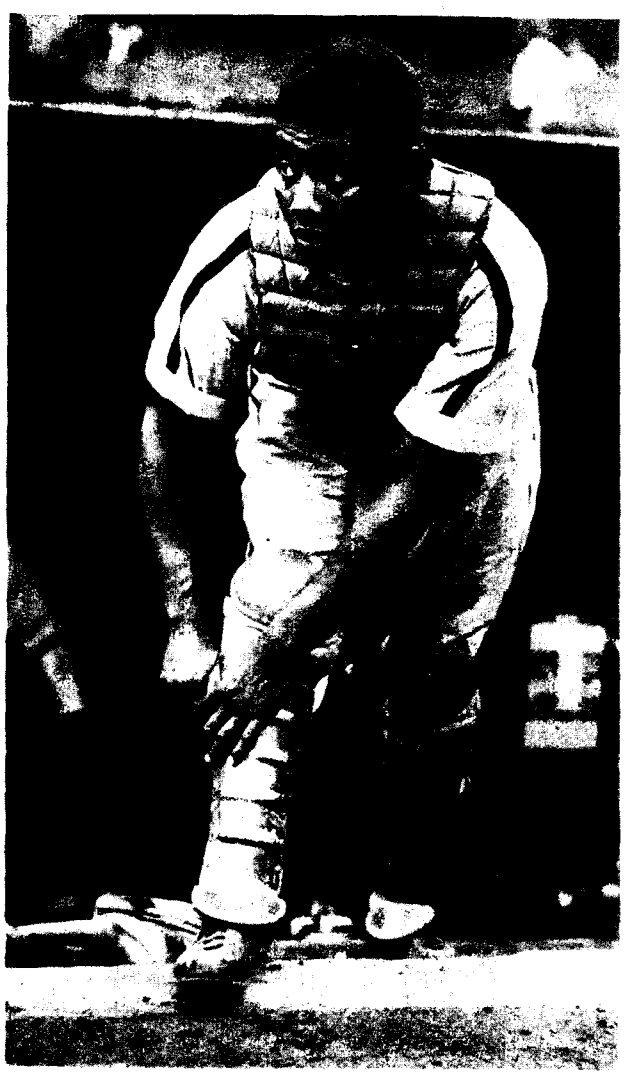
There has never been any argument against colored ball players in the big leagues on the ground that they weren't good enough. Satchel Paige, for instance, has been called "the best pitcher in the world" by a number of authorities, among them Dizzy Dean and Joe DiMaggio. Walter Johnson called Josh Gibson the best catcher he ever saw and one of the best hitters, which is praise enough for anyone. And the few exhibition games played by major league clubs against teams from the Negro leagues have shown little superiority for the majors.

The present controversy, to which labor unions, educators and other athletes have lent their voice, seems to have stirred up some sort of action. The Pittsburgh Pirates have offered tryouts to colored players. Phil Wrigley of the Chicago Cubs has gone on record that he will employ colored players if it is demonstrated that the public wants to see them. Since Negro leagues have little trouble filling big league stadiums when they play, it would seem they might immediately supply a ready-made audience. Larry McPhail of the Dodgers sounded off on the issue before entering the Army, but he never had a chance to do anything about it.

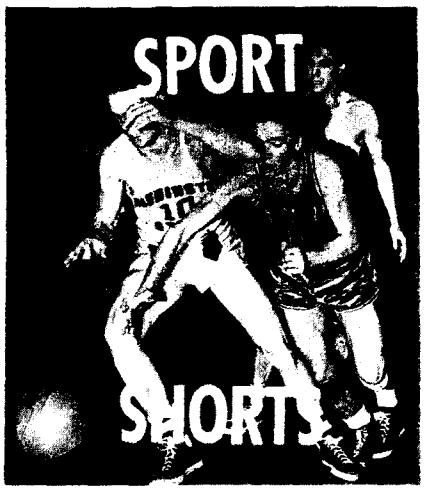
So far as major league players are concerned, most of them say they have no objection to playing with colored players. Some have been on teams with Negroes in school and some have played on mixed teams in post-season games, and all who have seen the good colored teams in action have nothing but admiration for them.

The same applies to the colored players. Someone like Satchel Paige, who is past his prime and content to make a fortune from exhibitions, would have no interest in the big leagues. This might also go for Josh Gibson, whose hitting weaknesses would soon be discovered. But there are players like Buck Leonard of the Homestead Grays, Roy Campanela of the Baltimore Elite Guards, Willie Wells of the Newark Eagles, Hilton Smith of the Kansas City Monarchs, and many others, who have demonstrated against top-flight pitching, fielding and hitting, both in their own leagues and against major league teams, that they have the stuff.

According to the way the controversy seems to be panning out, they may soon get their chance.



Josh Gibson is the best catcher Walter Johnson ever saw.



Whirlaway's little sister, **Whirlette**, has gone to the races—if any. Whirlette is still rather small for a 2-year-old, but is growing and should develop into a sturdy and average-size filly. Whirlette resembles her big brother in many respects: 1) She is a horse, 2) she has the same mother, 3) she has the same father, 4) she has the same owner, 5) she has the same trainer. After that the resemblance stops. Fillies don't win Kentucky Derbies (only one, **Regret,** ever did), or $560,911 in purses, and they can't run in the Spring.

Hurry-up **Hugh Casey,** the Dodger, pulled the throttle on the best-looking 200-pound pitching frame you ever saw, flagged a passing recruiting officer and medical examiner, and pulled up to a Coast Guard siding as an apprentice seaman. . . . **Patty Berg,** the gal golfer, who at the last count had more trophies than freckles, is ready to hit the comeback trail. Patty was seriously injured in an automobile accident five months ago, a broken leg and other injuries forcing her off the fairways.

Last fall the University of South Carolina had a coaching staff of six men and a prayer (the Gamecocks won only one game). All that's left is head coach **Rex Enright** and one badly abused prayer. Enright's two remaining assistants, **Tatum Gressette** and **Frank Johnson,** have taken their physical culture to a Naval Pre-Flight School. . . . **Sgt. Joe Louis** will become a father the latter part of this month. Mrs. Louis says, "he's tickled about his prospective fatherhood and doesn't care whether it's a boy or girl." . . . Another domestic note finds **Mrs. Joe DiMaggio** and infant son, Joe, Jr., in Reno seeing a judge about a divorce. Little Joe was reported to have gone along just for the ride. If Mrs. DiMaggio goes through with the divorce Joe will lose his 3A classification and undoubtedly would enlist in the offshore patrol which his brother **Dominic** has joined.

Most fellows, we are told, join the Navy to see the world. Maybe so, but **Lt. (jg) Larry French,** the Dodger pitcher, can't even get away from Brooklyn. French has been assigned to the Brooklyn Navy Yard as a supply officer. . . . **Pvt. Bob Sikes,** who once billed himself as the heavyweight boxing champion of the South, is now teaching boxing at Brooks Field, Tex. . . . Another boxer, lightweight **Leo Rodak,** is undergoing boot training in the Marine Corps. Rodak is the only man to win championships in three divisions of the Golden Gloves. He is married and has two children. . . . The Navy's well-to-do athletic program now includes the names of two more college coaches, **Jack McDowell,** of Rollins, and **Franklin Cappon** of Princeton.

Leave it to Yank ingenuity. **U.S. troops** in French Morocco are playing baseball without bats, football without footballs and basketball—you guessed it—without basketballs. Little or no athletic equipment could be carried with the task force there so troops used pick-ax handles for bats, G.I. canteens for a pigskin (they say it handicaps punting) and a pair of coveralls rolled up do as a basketball. Empty ration boxes nailed to trees are used as baskets.

1,500 Horses With Good Appetites Stranded in Raceless Florida

MIAMI, FLA. — There are 1,500 horses, every one a thoroughbred with a thoroughbred's appetite, stranded here as a result of the sudden closing of the Tropical and Hialeah race tracks. Also stranded are more than 200 owners and trainers who must keep right on feeding these fine animals even though there are no more purses to collect.

The OPA ban on automobile pleasure driving came just when Tropical Park had counted its racing season over the hump and expected record-breaking attendance and mutuel play for the last few days of the meet. Hialeah Park, groomed for a 15-day schedule, never got a chance to get started.

Optimistic dog-track managers said

they had enough faith in their customers to continue business as usual. They said their bettors would ride public conveyances, or even walk. This is no surprise since most of them walked back anyhow.

Hit even harder than the owners, trainers and jockeys are more than 1,000 other persons who worked at the Hialeah and Tropical parks. The owners, at least, have the alternative of shipping their horses to the New Orleans Fair Grounds or stabling them in Miami until the eastern meets open in the Spring.

HAMMERIN' HANK IS BACK

Li'l Henry Armstrong, the fellow they use to call Homicide Hank when he knocked over 40 men in succession to become the ring's only triple titleholder, will come to New York Feb. 19th to meet Beau Jack, the new lightweight champion, in a 10 round non-title fight.

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ARMY WEEKLY

Sylvia Opert

The guys over there will probably tell you the North African desert [illegible] never like this, but that doesn't [illegible] can't take a look at Sylvia showing [illegible] she appears in Warner Bros. "[illegible] Song."

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